

BY GEO.
GRIFFITH:

A THRILLING NEW ROMANCE.

P.W.
PEARSON'S £100 COUPON.
No. 31. August 22, 1896.
P.W.

SMOKE
CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
Retailed by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.



WEEKLY

SMOKE
THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
Retailed by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 22, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OLD

Good Tobacco
Good Workmanship
Hard to Equal

GOLD

3^d Cigarettes

PER BOX OF 10

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4 OZ. DECORATED TINS,
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

This Announcement

entitles you to a Dainty Sample Tin of **DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA FREE** (subject to this paper being mentioned). We, the Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Ltd., of Suffolk House, Cannon Street, London, E.C., hereby promise to send FREE on receipt of your name and address (a postcard will do), a Dainty Sample Tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, so that you can test its merits free of charge. Not a medicine, but a wonderful food beverage. Such is Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. As a concentrated form of nourishment and vitality it is invaluable. Pleasant and palatable, and embodying the numerous principles contained in Malt, Hope, Kola, and Cocoa, it imparts nourishment and builds up strength. Sold in 6d. packets and 1s. 6d. tins. This unprecedented offer of a free sample is made as a means of introducing so palatable and invigorative a preparation into every home. A postcard will do. P.S.—It is absolutely necessary that the name of this paper should be mentioned when accepting the above offer.

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Suffolk House,
Cannon St., London, E.C.



WE ARE TAILORS.

1000
PAIRS

Send at once for our new Summer Patterns. Everything new. See our Suits to measure at 22/6. Sample Trousers, 5/6, to measure. Don't delay, write at once for price lists, patterns, self-measurement forms, press notices, testimonials. Everything Free. Money willingly refunded if goods do not please. Agents wanted, terms and appointment by letter. Please mention this paper.

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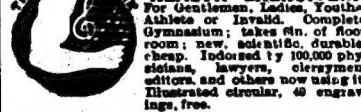
A GENUINE HAIR RESTORER.

50 Years' Unrivalled Success.

FOX'S NOTED FORMULA.

A SURE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS. Whiskers and Moustache positively forced to grow in a few weeks. Harmless to the skin. Volumes of testimonials. Price 2/6, 3/6, and 5/6. Send P.O. for sample 2/6 bottle.

MR. JOHN FOX, Chemist, Macclesfield.



HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youth, Athlete or Invalid. Complete Gymnasium; takes 6in. of floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 4d. engravings, free.

SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOL.

Presbury Road, Macclesfield.

HAIR DESTROYED

On receipt of stamp a lady will send to those afflicted free particulars of a simple remedy which permanently removed a large growth from her sister's face without injuring the skin. Miss E. D. Dyer, 24, Colchester Road, Lambeth, London.

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The Sweetest and Purest Tobacco

Sold.

NATURAL FLAVOUR.

MIXTURE.

IN PACKETS ONLY OF ALL TOBACCONISTS.

THE "SURPRISE" WHISTLE.

A Piercing, Penetrating, Nerve-racking, Ear-splitting!

The rubber bulb on the end makes it capable of producing 1,000 different effects, from purring or muffled notes up to a great swelling, booming, two-mile piercing note, that will equal a steamboat or locomotive whistle. A PERFECT DOG OR QUAIL CALL. Cyclists will find the "Surprise" a magnificent aid to their safety. Price 1/3 each. A magnificent gift. Willard Ross, Woodstock, London, E.C.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY TRUE FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE

Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Neuritis, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Asiatic Cholera, Colic, Gout, and all Fevers.

Sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 20s. per bottle, or postage free from the Inventor, **Freeman's Chlorodyne**, 70, Kensington Park Road, London.

REJECT SUBSTITUTES.

M.R.—Lord Chancellor Melrose, Lord Justice James, and Lord Justice Mellish decided in favour of Freeman's Original Chlorodyne, and against Browne and Devenport, compelling them to pay all costs in the suit. See Times of July 24, 1903.

ISLE OF MAN.

Most equable climate in the Kingdom, warm in winter, cool in summer. New Feature: Railway to the Summit of Scafell by safe and easy gradients circling the mountain. Yachting and Rowing: River, Bay, and D-Sea Fishing; Bathing, Coaching, Cycling, Golfing, and Mountaineering. Send Postcard for Guides, Maps, Sailing Arrangements, List of Hotels, Boarding and Lodging Houses, to—

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By 'ROYAL SOVEREIGN' & 'KOH-I-NOOR' AND 'LA MARGUERITE.'

MARGATE AND RAMSGATE, SOUTHEAST AND CLACTON, AND BOULOGNE.

For full particulars see daily papers.

RED NOSES

Permanently cured in a few days by a simple, inexpensive self-treatment. Particulars free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope to Dr. A. P. CURTIS, York Chambers, Adelphi, London, W.C.

THE "GRANVILLE" CYCLES

Are Unrivalled for Speed and Comfort combined with Strength, Lightness, and Durability. Latest improvements. Prices to suit all classes. Easy payments, from 10/- monthly.

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Irish Tweed Clothing

Is the most durable. Send for samples of material and Self-measurement Forms, which will be forwarded Post Free.

SUITS from 29/6 to 57/-
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Serge Business Suits to measure, 17/6. Unparalleled for Value! Hundreds of unsoiled Testimonials received. ALL GOODS CARRIAGE PAID.

THE Limerick Clothing Factory, LIMITED, LIMERICK.

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A TASTY VEGETABLE SAPOROUS FRUIT Produces an Aromatic Lather. Cleanses the Scalp. Makes the Hair Soft as Flax. Stimulates Growth. As used for ages by the Women of Persia and Cashmere, and accounting for the Wonderful Beauty of their Tresses.

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THE 'PARKER' UMBRELLA MONITOR. Ladies or Gents. Plain or Twisted Silk (Parker's Hollow Ribbed Frames), carved and mounted.

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CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The solemn Psalm, the soul stirring hymn, the cheerful Song, and the merry Dance, can all be played on these charming instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

The Best Companion for the Season, the picnic, and the Country in the Summer Evenings.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY"

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon Price only 6/6
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100,000 TESTIMONIALS. Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, says: "Campbell's Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves."

All lovers of music should at once send for our 1906 Illustrated Privilege Price List. 150,000 of these valuable Testimonials ready. Send Penny Stamp to **CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers,** 116, Trongate, GLASGOW.

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DOWDEN'S Concentrated LEMON CRYSTALS

THIS IS HOW THEY GROW. Each packet contains eleven such as these.

TWO GALLONS OF NATURAL LEMONADE.

TRY A SAMPLE PACKET.

The **LEMONADE** made from **DOWDEN'S LEMON CRYSTALS** is the most refreshing beverage obtainable. We never introduced it, it has been given the highest place and received unqualified praise. The best, purest, cheapest, and most universally liked. Order a packet to-day from your grocer, and try it. Price 1/6; or Sample Packet post free for 6d. stamps from **DOWDEN & CO. LTD., Sole Manufacturers, BOURNEMOUTH.**

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SOUTHALL'S PATENT IMPROVED BOOTS

are now admitted to be the most comfortable ever invented.

They greatly support the ankles, and have neither laces to break nor seams to come undone, and are put on in a moment.

When wearing these boots, walking positively becomes a pleasure.

OHAS. H. SOUTHALL,
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CAMBRIC LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS

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This paper will be read by at the very lowest computation 2,400,000 people well able to spare a penny. We want to give 100,000 poor children a day's outing with the FRESH AIR FUND. Each child costs ninepence, so if everyone gives a penny the thing is done, and another 160,000 provided for. Send along yours, and if it is a shilling postal order never mind the change. There will be plenty of defaulters.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 318.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 22, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE DOMINO.

I met a pilgrim clothed in hodden grey;
E'er any greeting word I found to say,
He cried in accents masterful and stern:
"My name, Indifference, I pray you learn,
Nor bar the way when I am passing by."
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a lordling in a purple cloak
Most bravely garnished; yet like churl he spoke,
And bade me heed he came of courtly strain,
Somewhat called Pride, and otherwhile Disdain,
Whose favour none might hope to beg or buy.
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a wight arrayed in martial red,
And on his shield a heart shaft-bitten bled.
"I Anger am, I bear both sword and fire;
At my approach all men afraid retire.
They forfeit life, who will not turn and fly!"
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a damsel, drooping-eye and sad,
And like a holy sister she was clad.
Some cordial from a slender flask she poured,
And smiled, and bade me drink; 'twas Pity's hoard,
To succour wounded ones that else must die.
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a fugitive distraught, and blue,
Who sometimes stayed for dread, and sometimes
few.
Though lord of all that sweetest bards have sung,
Not one poor word supplied his halting tongue,
But all his soul he lavished in a sigh.
"So you are Love!" quoth I.

THE BEST WAY TO ARGUE.

SHARP DAME: "I must frankly tell you, Mr. Meek, that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrung from me under protest."

Mr. Meek: "Eh? Protest?"

Sharp Dame: "Yes, sir. I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything we all have to give in to her, or take the consequences; and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she gets angry, especially if there is a flat-iron or a rolling-pin handy, and so I just give up at once. Has the wedding day been fixed on yet, Mr. Meek?"

Mr. Meek: "Um—er, not yet; and in fact, madam, I'm—I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry. Good—good-day."

HOW ANIMALS FEEL AT SEA.

HUMAN beings are not the only ones who suffer from sea-sickness by any means. One hears a great deal about the pangs that have filled men and women with woe, but little is said of the menageries brought to England every year, or carried hither and thither in ware-tossed boats. Lions and tigers may be majestic when they have unwavering earth or rock against their paws, but a sea-sick cat of these tribes is as miserable as



any man ever was, and does not look a bit more kingly than a wet rabbit. Even its roars and growls have a weeping sound in them, quite in keeping with the general appearance of the beast.

A monkey is as pitiful an object when it is sea-sick as any other beast so stricken, and its forlorn facial expression is so human-like, and the way it claps its paws across its stomach is so natural, that the man who is not sea-sick necessarily sees something to laugh at in the misery of the creature.

It takes a dog to be woeful at sea. It has a way of doubling all up, with its tail between its legs and head hanging down, that shows deep-seated pain. To free itself the dog goes through all sorts of contortions. It will stretch out on the deck, groan and squeal, sometimes rising on its haunches and lifting its head, and howling long and miserably, as some dogs do at the sound of music.

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Can you cover 85,903 miles an hour? This question is brilliantly answered in an article on this page. In the calculations, however, it is assumed that the motion of the pedestrian, the axial movement of the earth, and the earth's orbital journey are at the moment in the same direction as the sun's true motion, which is assuming a good deal.—Mathematical Editor.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES MOST IN ENGLAND.

ACCORDING to the lists prepared by registrars of mean annual sunshine, Pembroke occupies the enviable position of being the sunniest spot in all England.

It is, however, closely followed in this respect by Jersey, Valentia, Falmouth, Isle of Man, Hastings, Eastbourne, Plymouth, and Blackpool, in the order given. The dullest spots in Britain appear to be Glasgow, London, and Glencarron.

IS BURGLARY A SCIENCE?

THE modern burglar is a scientist and inventor in his way. Recently a new era in safe breaking and other branches of the cracksmen's art has opened, and the famous jimmy, so long rampant on the successful burglar's coat of arms, is to be superseded by more convenient labour-saving tools.

In Marseilles the other day a gang of ingenious cracksmen entered a banker's office armed with a steel saw of the newest construction and a handy little gas-engine. There was no need for the exercise of muscle, nor was there any necessity for a good strong wrist at the saw, as there was at one time in the annals of famous robberies.

The little engine was started, the saw put in the proper place, and the connections made. Seating themselves serenely upon a couple of chairs near at hand, these modern burglars watched the true and rapid work of their appliances.

The big safe might have resisted for hours the force of human hands, but the saw, impelled by the engine, it could not stand against. The stout iron safe promptly yielded up its contents of over £600 worth of gold and bonds, and in a quarter of the time it would have taken to have committed the robbery under the old conditions the burglars were well out of the building with their booty.

THE CONJUROR AND THE GUN TRICK.

A VERY pleasant anecdote is told of Professor Anderson by Mr. Arthur à Beckett in his "Green Room Recollections." He says the Professor, in his great gun trick, used to give one of the audience a rifle, some powder, and a marked bullet. The marksman was then requested to load and prepare to fire.

Thereupon the Professor walked to the end of the stage and invited the rifleman to shoot him. Then, after the marksman had fired, he used to produce the marked bullet, insisting that he had caught it on a plate. On one occasion a friend of mine, who was an admirable amateur conjuror, offered himself as an assistant. He took the gun and the ammunition and duly loaded.

It was the custom of the Professor to give the bullet a final tap with his wand to see that it was rammed down properly; and this final tap, I have been told, extracted the bullet. This my friend knew, and when the Professor offered his assistance he politely declined. Anderson did not insist, but coolly walked to the end of the stage and called out: "Now, sir, take a good aim at me and fire!"

My friend hesitated, as he was well aware that the gun he was holding was really loaded. "Fire, sir, fire!" cried the Professor.

My friend lowered the weapon, and, saying he could not let it off, returned it to Anderson, who immediately, under pretence of seeing whether it had been properly loaded, extracted the bullet. Then he gave the gun to someone else. But before the rifle was fired he addressed the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the person who has just resumed his seat knew my trick and foiled it. If he had fired, this probably would have been my last appearance before you. But he hadn't sufficient nerve to shoot me!"

When it dawned upon the house that Anderson had risked his life rather than confess himself beaten, the applause was deafening. My friend told me that he felt rather small, and regretted his penchant for practical joking.

YOU CAN WALK 85,930 MILES AN HOUR.

HAVE you ever thought of the distance you travel while you are out for an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have travelled during your hour's stroll a thousand miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But this is by no means all. The earth makes a journey round the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000.

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,584,000. Then, to get the distance you rode round the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by 24, and the result is about 66,000 miles. But this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 166,000,000 miles in a year. This is at the rate of a little more than 454,000 miles a day, or 18,900 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey, and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have travelled in the hour, 85,903 miles.

TOM: "How cold that pretty Miss Jones does look, Bob. She ought to have something round her!"

Bob (absent-mindedly): "She will have as soon as it gets dark."

"I DON'T like our doctor," said Willie. "I went and caught a cold bad enough to keep me at home from school for two weeks, and the mean old doctor cured me in less than two days."

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.—"That execution was half an hour late."

"Yes; the Sheriff and the condemned man began talking about their bicycles."

MISTRESS: "Mary, go to the door at once. Someone has rung three times."

MARY: "Oh, it's all right, mum. It's only that young feller as is mashed on Miss Maud. Yer needn't be afraid of his goin' away in a hurry."

THE RULING PASSION.—Magistrate: "Have you anything to say before the judgment of the Court is passed upon you?"

Prisoner: "Beggin' yer worship's pardon, could you tell me the latest score of the Australians?"

TAKE one pair of eyes as big as saucers, a vocabulary greater than Dr. Johnson's, limitless quantities of flesh, the pedestrian capacity of a walking-match winner, and intelligence greater than the most learned Greek philosopher. The result will be the average baby as its mother sees it.

VAIN PEOPLE PLEASE SKIP.

It is the craze just now to have one's handwriting submitted to an expert in order to gain an insight into the mysteries of one's own character. To enable our readers to keep up with the times we have retained the services of the most expert graphologist of the present day, and those who care to "know themselves" have only to forward to this office a specimen of their handwriting, upon an unruled sheet of paper, with their usual signature and full address. With this must be inclosed six stamps and a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be marked "Graphologist," and forwarded to Pearson's Weekly Building, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE MESSENGER FROM METZ.

BY WALTER ROTHWELL.

"THEY say this morning that the Prussians are at Pont à Mousson, Ambroise Sautier."

We looked at each other, the farmer and I, and then at the charcoal-drawn plan on the white wall—the map of the war of 1870, that, alas! beginning at the Saar was gradually spreading into a map of France.

"Then MacMahon's army is cut off from Metz and Marshal Bazaine?" said Ambroise, looking again to me.

I nodded my head sadly, for one could see but too plainly the result of the defeat at Wörth and of the enemy's rapid advance. "And the road to Neuchâteau—"

"Is the only way to Châlons and safety. They must retreat and join De Failly—all that are left. And Bazaine needs aid, and now—"

He paused, for the sound of whimpering and weeping came from the chimney corner. It was Père Beaudrot, white-haired, feeble with age. He had brought us the news and his only son was with the Third Corps at Metz.

Ambroise sighed. "Ah, my friends, they are advancing—these Prussians. The cry will soon be 'To Paris,' instead of 'To Berlin,' and we shall have to make a move."

At his last words Catherine looked up, eyes flashing. "We shall have to make a move," she echoed; and, at the scornful tones, Père Beaudrot ceased his crying and vacantly stared at her, but half comprehending. "See, he thinks of himself—himself—when France is in danger; when brave men are fighting and falling every minute. Oh, that I were a man!"

She was a true patriot, was Catherine, Ambroise Sautier's wife; everyone agreed to that. And so the sneer was allowed to pass unchecked, although we knew it was of Catherine herself Ambroise was thinking, for the Prussians spared neither man, woman, or child in their brutal ferocity.

But Catherine saw nothing of the horror of the war. She loved the bright colours, the rattle of the drums, and the clanging of sword and harness, though some said, aside, that it was love for the young soldier, her cousin Achille, that made her eyes sparkle when news came from the garrison of Metz. And truly when he was at home the talk was all of camp and battles, and he and Catherine would sit for hours together eagerly discussing the fine times when Germany should be France, and Napoleon's Empire extend to Berlin.

Ambroise saw nothing in this but a woman's fondness for excitement and stirring tales, for he loved his wife. He could not march with the army, for at Sebastopol he had fallen at my side, his leg shattered by a Russian shell. In that war of the Crimea his passion for the glory of battles (once hot as any youngster's) had been cooled by the shriek of bullets, the shock of bayonet charges, and, more than all, by the terrible strain when men are shot down in whole ranks and their comrades forbidden to retaliate. And so now he was quieter, and never flashed into a torrent of big words at the name of Prussian, and only shook his head gravely when we heard of the Paris madness, that, fostered by café-chantant songs and the bombast of newspapers and public-square orators, blinded the great city even whilst the Prussians were marching to her walls.

Catherine, not seeing his true nature, despised him; and when he would not join in the rejoicings at rumoured victories, or boast of the certainty of the Prussian defeat, she spoke bitterly. But he only answered: "The Prussians are strong, Catin, my child, and even our victories are bought with lives."

And now, as she hurried from the room to hide her red cheeks and tearful eyes, he looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

The old man had resumed his disconsolate nodding and weeping. Ambroise rose and bent over him.

"Come, Père Beaudrot," he said soothingly, "Metz is safe. See"—and he pointed to our rough map—"see, Froissard is at St. Avoild with the Second Corps; Ladmirault at Diedenhofen; Canrobert—our great Canrobert—already at Nancy. Come, you will see your Paul again. The Prussians will fall back, and we shall once more till our fields and fill our barns." And he looked out through the window at the bare meadows and empty storehouses.

As he withdrew his gaze I saw in his eyes a smoldering fire of wrath, and thought of the day before, when I had surprised him cleaning and fondling his musket and sword. He had flushed like a caught child and had said, half laughingly: "As well to be ready, old friend, as well to be ready. We are both old crippled soldiers, you and I, and our hearts know each other. The enemies' shot did not take them when they fetched off our legs." The fire of old days had grown to a calmer flame, but had not died out.

As he again bent over Père Beaudrot, and put his hand on the old man's shoulder, he paused and raised his head, for we could hear—thud, thud—the hoofs of a horse coming down the long road from the direction of Metz. We hurried to the door. Had the time come already! Was this the foremost of a flying army?

Down the road—a hundred yards distant—came a reeling man and horse, bloodstained, foam-flecked, driven to the last extremity it seemed. Staggering on

and kept afoot only by the furious pace, the horse arrived before the door, and stumbled to its knees as the rider dropped off fainting into our arms.

Where the face of the man was not bloody it was black with powder smoke, save a ludicrous white smear where he had wiped with his sleeve the blood and dust from his eyes.

We bore him in and laid him upon the table; brought water, brandy, wine, and presently he sat up gasping—still speechless. They must have come like

the devil, those two; the wonder was the ride had not broken the hearts of both man and horse.

We were supporting him to the arm-chair which Ambroise had lately occupied, when Catherine returned.

"Ambroise," she shouted in excitement, before she had fairly entered the house, "there are soldiers coming past the wood—My God! Achille! What is this?"

Bewildered for the moment, we let the young man go, and she, rushing forward, caught him in her arms as he staggered.

"Achille!" we echoed, for the blood—the dust—the unnatural ride had so disfigured him that only her woman's eyes had recognised him.

"Fools!" she cried. "The soldiers are coming—the Prussians—down the road—my God, they will kill him."

And sure enough the jangle of swords and the sound of hoofs, that we had not heard before, grew from a faint "thud" to a heavy clank and gallop.

Not a moment to be lost. Ambroise, catching up the young man like a child, carried him bodily from the apartment, whilst Catherine nervously wiped the blood from the table and floor with whatever she could find to her hand.

Père Beaudrot had sunk from his maudlin state into terrified silence, and lay back in his chair incapable of movement or speech.

Nothing was to be done but delay, if possible, the pursuers, for pursuers they must be, and, stumping to the door, I reached it as the foremost two sprang from their horses. They were Uhlans, that I could see from their pennoned lances and square topped helmets. A sergeant was in command.

"Where is the messenger who came this way," he cried in his villainous French that I hardly understood.

"What messenger?" I asked, trying to gain time.

"The Hussar, fool; the messenger from Metz."

"I know nothing, monsieur; have seen no one, though truly—"

He cut me short with a word that lashed like a whip—thong—"Liar." Then to his men: "Search the house, and quickly."

As the soldiers disappeared through the doorway, Ambroise and Catherine came out. The former was cool and defiant, as befitted an old soldier; the latter, with a terror lurking in her eyes and on her trembling lips, though she held her head proudly. I tried to catch Ambroise's glance to assure myself that Achille was safe, but he resolutely looked every way but towards me.

The Sergeant eyed us with a sneer.

"Are you the master of this farm, my man?" he said to my comrade. "Faith, we sow bullets in harvest time now for you, farmer. And this your wife? A fine woman! If we were not so busy killing your men, an hour might be well spent making love to your women. Madame was made for a soldier's wife," he added, with an insulting leer, "pity she should be thrown away on a wooden-legged pig of a—"

But the ruffian's jest was broken short by something in Ambroise's face—something that made him change colour and rein his horse back—his soldiers were not at his heels now, and this cripple looked strong.

Catherine never saw the threat in her husband's eyes, and she turned away with a look of contempt. To be so jeered at and give back no answer—bah! I could see the thought plainly. She was comparing with

Ambroise, the young messenger who had ridden so gallantly. And then the sweat stood on my brow in sudden beads.

The horse! I glanced right and left; the animal was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps it had galloped on—perhaps only strayed a few yards into the fields. God grant they would not find it.

And so we stood silent, whilst within the soldiers hacked and smashed and swore—but found no

prisoners. Presently they came out reeking of brandy, and bearing our remaining wine with them. Knocking the neck off one of the bottles, the sergeant took a deep draught, and then with a clatter the five lancers climbed into the saddle. A string of foul oaths from the officer almost drowned his word of command, and

they rode away bidding us thank them for not burning the house about our ears.

We watched the pennons flutter along the road, and then turned to re-enter the house, when a cry from Catherine startled us.

The soldiers had paused and were looking round. Then one returned. Half-way he reined up close to the high hedge and looked over. He waved his hand, and his companions wheeled their horses and cantered back. Dismounting, the first man made his way through a gap in the hedge and issued leading—Achille's horse!

When they drew up before the farmhouse again the Sergeant's face was pale with passion, and he poured out a torrent of insults and threats. It was useless for us to deny knowledge of the fugitive now, but to all questions we answered nothing. We were two crippled men and a woman, and could do nought but keep silence and suffer.

They questioned, threatened, struck us, and once Ambroise, fixing his fingers in the throat of one of our captors, bore him to the ground. But he was torn away, blinded by blows, and his hands were bound.

Beside himself with fury, the Sergeant shouted: "You will not speak, you dogs—you French scum. By God, but you shall. Place them against the wall," he commanded. "Now, farmer, we shall see. Refuse three times, and my men will shoot—your wife!"

Ambroise's face blanched, and, seeing it, the Uhlans laughed. The sound brought my comrade's form up, straight as an arrow, to "Attention," and stiffened his lip.

"Ready! Present! Now will you give them a up? One!"

"No!"

"Two!"

Silence. And then—"No!"

"Three!"

Ambroise stole a glance at Catherine by his side, and realised that the pistol barrels pointed straight at her breast. His next word would be the signal for her death. He hesitated—his eyes wandered from her face to the five little black muzzles. He made a movement as if to throw himself between them and his wife.

The Sergeant impatiently struck his hand on his sword hilt. "Speak," he cried.

Catherine watched her husband—watched every movement, her hand clenched in the bosom of her dress. It was a terrible—a ghastly moment.

"Speak," shouted the officer again. "The devil speak!" and Ambroise Sautier, bowing his head in a paroxysm of shame and despair, answered—"Yes."

The soldiers lowered their pistols. As they did so Catherine withdrew her hand from her dress. Something shone in the sun, was buried for one short moment with the sound of steel entering flesh, flashed out again, and then ere one could move a finger the woman had rushed along the road towards the wood.

Shots followed her, but she escaped them all. The Uhlans sprang to their horses, but the Sergeant checked them. "Let her go," he cried with an imprecation, "we've no time to waste on her. Look to the man."

But Ambroise Sautier was dead.

When at length the Prussians rode away I crawled into the house. Wounded, weak, racked by their horrible torture, I crept to the side of old Père Beaudrot who lay dead in his chair with a gaping wound that dyed his white hairs red. And there I fell fainting at his feet.

A sound of voices came from the little room that opened on to the kitchen, and I raised myself on my elbow, listening stupidly. They were the voices of Catherine and Achille.

"I cannot, Catin," said the soldier, "I must reach MacMahon's army if I walk every foot of the way. The dispatches first, and after—Come, be brave, it is for France."

Catherine was weeping. "You must take me. Can I stay here—here alone with the dead. I won't, Achille. Don't leave me. I have a right to go with you, for have I not saved you?"

"Ah, yes, you and poor Ambroise—"

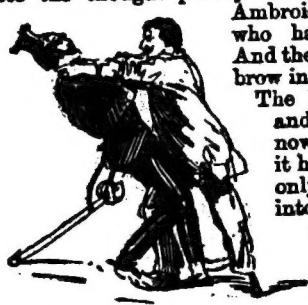
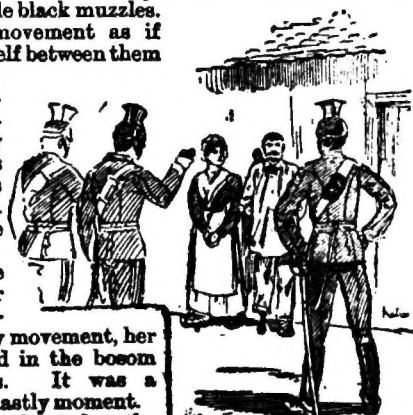
"Ambroise!" and there was a shudder in her voice. "Ambroise was a traitor, and would have betrayed you. But I—I love you, and I killed him to save you. Now take me with you—I will go—I will—I will!"

I lay as one with a nightmare, and the words rang again and again in my ears: "To save you—I love you."

There was silence for a minute. Then, as if the horror had slowly dawned on him, Achille gave a cry.

"You killed him—for me! You love me! God! a murderess—worse," and his voice rose almost to a scream. I heard cries, and prayers and a struggle as though the woman had flung herself on him to prevent his leaving her, and then Achille burst into the kitchen and out of the house, running as for his life.

And Catherine staggering out, still crying to him, fell across the threshold of the door.



WHAT DRIVES PEOPLE MAD.

WHILE the wear and tear of the present decade may have added largely to our individual wealth, there can be no reasonable doubt that the increase of our riches has been contributed at the expense of the decadence of our mental and physical health. Indeed, it is the serious concern of medical experts how we are to avoid wholesale mental destruction should the pace at which we are now living become more rapid in the near future. The fight for wealth has become so bitter, the gold fever so infectious, the struggle for existence so keen, that there is little occasion for wonder in the fact that the number of lunatics is being augmented to an alarming extent in this country.

It is true that the Registrar-General's report belies this assumption; but, as is the case with most statistics, the figures, apparent and not real, are totally misleading in this department. It is impossible to arrive at any reliable statistics in the question of lunacy. The Census avails us in discovering about how many lunatics are under control, but, owing to a very natural diffidence on the part of relatives to advertise the presence of any person of unsound mind within the family circle, it affords no indication of the number of eccentrics who live in their own homes.

Most of the leading brain specialists are at one in the opinion that insanity is on the increase. As a matter of fact we have it on the highest medical authority that many persons suffering from mania are to be found in the main thoroughfares of the City of London every day of our lives. We live at such high pressure that the present state of things is merely the natural outcome of excitement, and an artificial mode of living.

Doctors are agreed that for a man or woman to apply themselves closely to work during the time he or she feels "run down" is one of the surest ways of becoming demented. Almost the first symptom with a person who is "run down" is loss of memory. Efforts are made to jog the memory, thereby inflicting a strain on the brain, the frequent outcome of which is an impaired mind.

The form of disease in many cases of this kind is melancholia, a most serious and disastrous complaint. Melancholia, which is very common among women, may develop into almost anything. A victim to melancholia has been known to be a kleptomaniac one year and a homicidal lunatic the next. Yet despite this fact—known to everyone with a knowledge of medicine if not to others—there are hundreds of persons suffering from this dangerous disease who are under no sort of control whatever. The brain is allowed to remain in a state of disorder for years, until the victim horrifies his friends by committing some desperate deed.

There is no doubt, whatever, that the straining of the memory in early life is a fruitful source of lunacy; but to define precisely the miscellaneous causes of insanity would require more space than is at present at our disposal. Irrational and excited preachers have wrought derangement in the mind of more than one member of a congregation. A clergyman with less discretion than imagination, pictured the torments of hell and the everlasting agony of sinners in such brutal and hideous colours that a man in the body of the church became so paralysed with fear that he instantly went out of his mind.

The increase of insanity among women is probably greater than it is among men. Women who have little or nothing to occupy their minds become depressed, and melancholia intervenes, to be succeeded in turn by suicidal mania. But in this connection serious account must be taken of imaginary maladies. It has become the fashion to suffer from obstreperous nerves, and what is worse, some doctors aid and abet the fashion by delivering themselves of lengthy discourses on the nervous system.

The habit of conversing on the subject of insanity, which has become so prevalent of late, has been proved to be a direct incentive to insanity. An extraordinary number of more or less fashionable women are lying on their beds at the present time as if they were sick of the palsy, when, as a matter of truth, they are possessed of no ailment beyond their own inherent foolishness. They have taken to their beds owing to a craving for attention and sympathy, a craving which is fostered by irresponsible though well-meaning friends, until it develops into a mania most difficult of eradication.

A woman in this condition is prone to imagine herself a martyr to all manner of distressing complaints; in fact, her imagination runs riot to such an extent that she develops into a lunatic. There have been cases of rich women who have lain on their beds for a whole year under the impression that they could not move without intense pain, when all the time they were capable of performing the full duties of a hotel housemaid. Instances of this nature are chiefly found, as has been remarked, among idle women, and since both the restless woman and the restless city man are apt to become demented the only course left to be pursued is to strike the happy medium.

Too diligent application to one description of labour may sow the seeds of insanity; but it has been proved beyond question that a hard-worked man who has interests outside his own special money-making occupation very rarely loses his senses.

Fear is a constant cause of insanity. A remarkable case on record is that of a captain of a large steamship.

The discontent manifested by members of his crew when in mid-ocean led him to apprehend an outbreak of mutiny, and he was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that by the time his vessel arrived safely in port his mind had become completely unhinged.

A disappointment in love is of course frequently succeeded by a derangement of the intellect; a derangement so overwhelming that the victim seldom or never recovers.

Fevers are responsible for much impairment of the human intellect; but, curiously enough, an insane person has been temporarily restored to reason during an attack of fever.

A young woman who had been a lunatic for many years became prostrate with typhus fever. During a certain stage of the malady her long-lost senses returned to her, to the great astonishment of her doctor; the intellect, however, was but short-lived, and within a very short space of time it left her as suddenly as it came.

Self-consciousness is a far worse complaint than is generally supposed, and one requiring far more attention than it receives. There are numerous examples of self-conscious persons becoming mad. One case concerned a young fellow who was under the delusion that his face was bad to look upon. He would shrink into the shade when a stranger passed, and retire to his room on the approach of company; and though tolerably good-looking, the idea that his face was ugly was so firmly implanted in his mind that he eventually died in an asylum, after attempting to put an end to his existence.

In all its phases insanity is one of the most interesting problems of the age. There are some astonishing cases on record of persons who have become insane on almost every conceivable subject, and yet become during the period of insanity surpassingly brilliant on others. One madman who in his lucid intervals evinced a very imperfect knowledge of music, was able to compose the most tuneful music when held in the shackles of lunacy. Another who, when in possession of his full senses, was quite incapacitated from addressing a public audience, was able when insane to rise to the pitch of true and sustained oratory.

LACK OF REALISM.

MRS. WICKWIRE: "What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are."

Mr. Wickwire: "I know they used to be, but most of them are engraved from photographs nowadays."

Mrs. Wickwire: "This one can't be. Here are two women going in opposite directions, both with brand new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other."

MRS. SLOCUM (to her husband's chum): "Tom, I wish you'd break George of playing whist."

The Chum: "I did break him only last night."

JUDGE: "What do you do during the week?"

Tramp: "Nothing."

"And on Sundays?"

"Then I take a day off."

CYCLISS: "You must be an expert rider by this time."

Pedall: "Well, I rather fancy I am. Knocked a man down at the crossing to-day."

Cycliss: "Well? I don't see the point."

Pedall: "Don't you? If I hadn't been an expert rider I should have lost my nerve and dismounted."

ANNETTE: "I have just been having a delightful stroll with Harold. Can anything be more poetical than a walk in the moonlight?"

Jeanette (five years older): "Poetical, no doubt, Annette; but when you have had my experience you will know that a dark corner of the stairs is equal to ten moonlit nights."

An Exciting Competition.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AS PRIZES.

EVERYONE HAS AN EQUAL CHANCE OF WINNING.

IN P.W. dated May 9th, there appeared the initial letters B.C.F.A.P. Speculation was rife at the time as to what these letters stood for. It is too early as yet to reveal the secret, but there are a great many little sentences applicable to *Pearson's Weekly* which might be formed of words commencing with these letters in the order in which they now stand. A prize of a handsome six-guinea gentleman's watch, or a lady's gold half-hunter, is offered to the reader who sends in the best. Any number of attempts may be made by the same person, provided that one shilling is inclosed with each attempt on behalf of the F.A.F. The watches, which are of the finest quality, are guaranteed for five years by the maker, Mr. H. E. Peck, of Ludgate Hill.

SAFE PLACES IN THUNDERSTORMS.

THE safest of all places in a thunderstorm is an iron bedstead. Lying on this one is in a kind of metal cage, which acts as a lightning screen. This is contrary to a very generally accepted theory, as metal of all kinds and forms is generally avoided, under the belief that it "attracts" the electric fluid.

Trees, experience shows, are very dangerous places to shelter beneath in thunderstorms, and isolated trees more so than a clump, especially if near water. An oak tree by the side of a pond is considered by electricians as particularly unsafe; but water and damp ground are to be avoided quite as much as trees.

If the storm is directly overhead it would be safer to lie on the earth flat than to stand up. Indoors the safest place—next to the iron bed—is the middle of the room, and a room in the middle of the house is safer than one at the bottom or top. All draughts and air currents should be avoided, and all bright objects, such as mirrors and picture-frames, should be kept as clear of as possible.

BURGLARS VERSUS BANKS.

"THE fact is," said old Mrs. Jinks, who was in London on a visit, "the fact is, my dear Mrs. Binks, I had the narrowest escape from being ruined the other day that you ever heard of."

"How was it?" asked Mrs. Binks, growing interested. "Well, you know I sold our horse and cart last month, and had the money ready to deposit in the savings bank the next morning, which was the very day of its failure."

"Yes, I read about it." "I slept with my money under my pillow," continued Mrs. Jinks, "and the next morning when I got ready to start for the bank the money was gone."

"Where had it gone to?" "Some burglars had taken it during the night. An hour after the bank burst up. Did you ever hear of such a remarkable piece of good luck?"

"I don't see where the luck comes in. You lost your cash all the same."

"Yes, but they caught the burglars, and, on condition of my not prosecuting, their solicitor returned me ten shillings in the pound. The bank only give five. There's no use talking, Hannah, between savings banks and burglars, I'll take my chance with burglars every time."

A NEWSPAPER OF LIES.

IN the whole of Japan there are no fewer than 550 newspapers and periodicals, and in the capital of Tokio alone there are seventeen political dailies, with a combined circulation of 3,906,000, and 116 periodicals, circulating together 495,000 copies. With such competition circulations are, of course, very small, the largest in Tokio being probably not more than 10,000 copies.

A Japanese newspaper is a very different thing from what we are accustomed to find on our breakfast tables. Our last page is its first; its columns only run half the length of the page; it has no such things as headlines, and its titles run from top to bottom instead of across; it has but an occasional rough illustration; it prints few advertisements, but those are paid for at a comparatively high rate; its price ranges from a half-penny to a penny a copy, and it knows nothing yet of sensational advertisement or flaming posters of deeds of journalistic "derring do."

The internal organism of a Japanese newspaper office is a sad spectacle of daily struggle with difficulties unknown elsewhere, and really unnecessary there. The Japanese written and printed character consists of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated square figures made up of an apparent jumble of zig-zags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails, and of the original Japanese syllabary, called kana.

Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which perhaps 14,000 constitute the scholars' vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in common daily use; while the forty-seven simple characters of the kana are known to everybody. Therefore the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task. The "making up" and stereotyping is like that of old-fashioned offices at home, and the paper is printed upon flat presses fed by hand.

The total number of persons employed on a typical Japanese newspaper, is as follows:

One political director, one chief editor, five assistant editors, four proof readers, one shorthand writer, twelve reporters or news gatherers, three or four compositors, each with several assistants, twelve men in the press room, and minor employés, including distributors, making a total of 150 persons. The reporters are the weak point, for the editor frankly tells you that if they cannot find news they are compelled to bring home fiction, as they are paid by results, and even then they do not earn more than £2 a month. They, therefore, deliberately invent a large part of their news.

It might be supposed, after reading the article "A Newspaper of Lies," that the Japanese press was the most unreliable in the world. By turning to page 84, however, it will be seen that this, strangely enough, is not the case.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3121. When was Professionalism First Introduced into English Sport?

Taking the word in its present acceptation, professionalism in English sport must necessarily date from the year 1860, when the authoritative distinction between the professional and the amateur was first drawn. Prior to that date contests, either for money prizes or the mere honour of victory, were entered upon without reference to the status of the contestants. All prizes were in money; but when the distinction was made the line was very strictly drawn. Probably the first contests in which professionals took part, as such, in England, would be the long walking and running races held in 1861 between Deerfoot, a Seneca Indian, and White and other English and Continental professionals. The Indian's best time was twelve miles in sixty-five minutes five seconds. White, the English professional, made his best time in 1863, when he beat Deerfoot by running ten miles in fifty-two minutes fourteen seconds.

3123. Which Newspaper Received the First Telegraphic Report?

The MORNING CHRONICLE, of the eighth of May, 1845. During the railway mania of 1845 a meeting of considerable importance was convened at Portsmouth to take into consideration the respective merits of the proposed lines from London. A great desire existed to know the result of the meeting, and as it was not to take place at Portsmouth until after the last London train, recourse was had to the telegraph. A full report of the meeting, headed "Portsmouth Lines, communicated by electric telegraph," appeared in the MORNING CHRONICLE next morning. The editor called attention to the fact in the leading columns as follows: "In our article on railways will be found a report of a meeting held yesterday evening at Portsmouth which was transmitted by electric telegraph. This is the first example of the electric telegraph being used for such a purpose, and it indicates the important and numerous services which that valuable invention will soon render to the public."

3126. Which is the Oldest Record of a Disease which can now be Identified?

It is probable that the earliest diseases mentioned in the Bible were really diseases which were due, partly to personal uncleanness, and partly to the bad sanitation that would be naturally associated with people in an elementary stage of civilisation. Few modern physicians would have any difficulty in identifying the disease specified in the Book of Job, to which may be assigned a date between 14-1500 B.C. Leprosy, possibly analogous to this, dates back far beyond any strictly medical record. The next oldest of actually specified diseases would probably be smallpox, which, on the authority of Masudi, attacked the African tribes who made an incursion into Arabia, and laid siege to Mecca in the latter half of the sixth century A.D. About fifty years later, Aron, a Syrian physician, describes smallpox as a then diagnosed disease.

3127. Are All Colours Equally Quickly Perceived by the Eye?

No. When, in gradual succession, luminous rays of all possible frequencies are caused to strike the eye, we obtain in successive gradation the sensation of all the colours of the spectrum. The waves which most slowly affect the eye produce a sensation of red; those which act somewhat more rapidly, a sensation of scarlet; then in succession we find, as the frequencies increase, that the sensations produced are those of orange-red, reddish-orange, orange, yellow-orange, orange-yellow, yellow, greenish-yellow, yellowish-green, green, bluish-green, greenish-blue, blue, blue-violet, violet. Waves of still greater rapidity than those, which produce the sensation of violet, are practically invisible to the eye.

3129. Of what Use is the Atmosphere apart from being a Respiratory Medium?

Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most important element of their food, from the air, and without plants there could be no food for animals, and, therefore, no human beings. Water also comes from the atmosphere, but if there were no water there could be neither plants nor animals. If food and water could be supplied in some other way the world would still be uninhabitable by plants and animals owing to the severity of the cold. Without an atmosphere there would be no winds, and consequently no waves or ocean currents. The sea—if we may suppose one to have been supplied by some unknown cause—would be a stagnant pool, uninhabitable by sea-weed or fish.

3131. In which Civilised Country does the Value of the Coinage Fluctuate Most Greatly?

Excluding notes, which can scarcely be called "coinage," being rather promises to pay in coin, the answer must naturally be looked for in countries which are on what is called a silver basis. Thus, for instance, within about twenty years the silver coinage of several South American states has fluctuated between the extremes of 46 and 24, taking those figures to mean the value of the dollar, or silver unit, by whatever local name it may be called, as expressed in English pence. In Bolivia the minimum is even lower than this, but that is due to the debasement of the coinage. This applies also to the Far East, the Straits Settlements, China, etc., where the almost pure silver Mexican dollar is very largely used. The Exchange on this has fluctuated between 47 and 26 pence within the last five years. Next would come India, where the rupee has fluctuated between the extremes of 24 and 16 pence.

3132. Who is the Earliest English Monarch of Whom an Authentic Portrait Exists?

There cannot be much certainty in reply to this question. The portraits in various manuscripts, such as that of King Edgar in the Cotton manuscript, may have been fairly like the King himself, but when we look at the character of the portraits of those days, one cannot accept them as authentic, but when we come to the King's seals, we may assume that the monarch would insist on the representation being something better than a caricature. The seal of William the Conqueror may perhaps be quoted as best meeting the question. The reverse of his second great seal, reproduced in the pages of Green's "Short History of the English People," is referred to as giving the best authentic portrait of our first Norman King. But equally as good in its character is that of Edward the Confessor, inscribed on his seal. Assuming that it was carefully drawn—as carefully as artists of that day could draw—we may accept Edward the Confessor's portrait as the earliest we have that may be termed authentic. Failing that, we fix upon that of William I.

3133. If the Actual Inaccuracy in our Reckoning of the Length of the Year is not Remedied, how Long will it Take before Christmas Comes in the Middle of Summer?

To determine how long requires merely the simplest of arithmetical calculations. The solar tropical year contains 365.2422419 days, so that a cycle of four hundred years should strictly be made up of 146096.89676 days. According to the actual arrangement, each four hundred years does in fact contain 146097 days; three out of the four leap years being omitted which form multiples of 100. Thus the exact error occurring in each 400 years is .10324 of a day, the year being so much in arrear. To find the time required before Christmas will occupy the opposite side of the yearly journey round the sun, we have merely to divide 182.5 days by .10324, and multiply the quotient by 400, which gives a result of 707,090 years odd. If then the present arrangement is unaltered, and the observance of Christmas lasts so long, we shall in about seven hundred thousand years be keeping it in summer.

3134. Why do the Afternoons Begin to Lengthen Before the Shortest Day, and the Mornings Continue to Shorten till After it?

In addition to the earth's daily rotation round its own axis, the yearly journey round the sun gives it an additional motion each day, amounting to about $\frac{1}{365}$ of an entire rotation. As the sun is coming into view towards the East, this tends to counteract the daily rotation, which at this part of the day is towards the sun; thus the sunrise grows later sometime after the days have begun to lengthen. But at evening, when both rotations are away from the sun, their effect is combined to bring the earliest sunset considerably before the shortest day.

3135. Supposing the Salic Law had been in Force in England Since Henry VIII., who would be King of England at the Present Time?

The Duke of Norfolk, who, as Earl of Surrey, defeated the Scots at Flodden, married a daughter of Edward the Fourth. His grandson, the poet-Earl of Surrey, was executed before Henry's death, but he left a son behind him, and his claim has been transmitted through the male line to the present Duke. On the death of the last male sovereign of the House of Tudor, Edward the Sixth, the next male heir was Lord Darnley, who afterwards married Mary, Queen of Scots, and transmitted his title to the line of Stuart, which became extinct in 1807. The House of Hanover bases its claim upon its descent from Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, and the House of Orleans would also have been barred by a female. At the death of Henry the Eighth, there were living several descendants of the House of Plantagenet, whose title to the crown was better than that of the Howard family, but they were either females, or they have left no heirs in the male line. Under the conditions of the question the present Duke of Norfolk would therefore now be king of England.

3136. What is the Cause of the Pistol-like Report of the Crack of a Stock-whip?

Air motion is the identical cause in both cases though brought about by different means. In the case of the pistol the explosion of the powder develops intense heat, causing the air to expand violently with the familiar explosive sound as the air waves impinge on the nerves of the ear. In the case of the stock-whip the mechanical force imparted to the thong by the arm produces a like violent motion, with the same result to the auditory nerve. The sensation we call sound is within us, and as the external cause of sound is, as Tyndall proves, invariably motion, it follows that causes which produce air movements, similar in kind and intensity, produce, as in the case in point, effects on the ear which are identical when translated as sensations.

3138. Which is the Most Famous Sword Mentioned in History?

Naturally there is not one of the heroes of old, whether legendary, semi-mythical, or historical, whom tradition has not depicted as armed with his favourite weapon of destruction. Thus, Arthur wielded Excalibur, Caesar girded on his *Crocea Mors* or "Yellow Death" when he went to battle, the Old had his Colado, Mohammed, Dhu'l Fakar, "The Trenchant," and Halef, "The Deadly." But unhappily the brilliancy of these memorable blades is somewhat dimmed by the mists of tradition. To a certain extent the same may be said of the sword which more nearly answers the question than any other—that of Attila the Hun, otherwise known as "The Fear of the World" and "The Scourge of God." Legend glorifies this as the iron sword of the War God Mars, but unquestionable history describes it as a very trenchant and potent weapon which undoubtedly played a great part in the triumphs of its owner in consequence of the firm belief of his followers in its supernatural power. Where they saw it flashing they went on in the sure and certain hope of victory, and certainly no sword ever hewed its way to more victories than it did. The well-known sword of Damocles hardly comes within the scope of the question.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at the rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3161. In what way does music assist the soldier on the march?
3162. Why does the flesh of fish decompose more quickly than that of terrestrial animals?
3163. Have gaming houses ever been kept by ladies?
3164. Are there any churches which stand in more than one parish, and more than one county?
3165. Which of our senses is most capable of improvement?
3166. Who altered the course of European history by simply changing his place of residence?
3167. Is there any trustworthy record showing that the people of any white race were ever cannibals?
3168. Which is the most northern place where a human being is known to have been born?
3169. Which commercial innovation proved one of the greatest blunders ever made?
3170. Which is the most nearly ideal form of cycle saddle for each sex respectively?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

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MY FAVOURITE.

WHEN Gladys treads the minuet
With roses in her hair of jet,
Methinks no flower that ever grows
Is half so lovely as the rose.

In cricket days she's wont to wear
Chrysanthemums, and then I swear:
"No flower can be more rich and gay
Than that fair Gladys wears to-day."

And when she kneels with humble air
And murmurs low her Sunday prayer,
With purple violets on her breast,
Why, then I'm sure I like them best.

But if for me she'll wreath her hair
With orange blossoms, pure and fair,
I'll prize, till stars shall cease to shine,
The blooms which make sweet Gladys mine.

PAPER MATCHES.

THE time-honoured plan of rolling paper into a spill and using it for lighting purposes has recently been utilised by an inventor in the manufacture of matches, and promises to revolutionise the European trade.

The paper is immersed in wax, stearine, and similar substances, and burns with a bright, smokeless, and odourless flame. Cut into match lengths, it is dipped in phosphorous wax, like the common wax match. The invention is regarded as a timely one, as the wood used in the making of matches is constantly growing more scarce and costly.

PENMANSHIP AND MORALITY.

"BEFORE beginning my lecture," remarked the Professor, "I will, in order to more fully establish the influence of handwriting upon character, ask some gentleman in the audience to come forward and give me a sample of his penmanship."

A pale young man with short hair rose and stepped to the platform. Seizing the pen he hastily returned to his seat.

"Excellent," remarked the Professor as he surveyed the man's work. "This writing shows the advantage of acquiring a fixed style—I don't suppose the man who wrote this could vary in his penmanship if he practised a month of Sundays. It shows an adherence to established principles, unswerving directness of purpose, a fixed moral code, an aspiration for orderly methods. I should classify it as a combination of conscience and commerce, so to speak. It's the style of writing Oliver Cromwell might have affected. And now, young man, may I inquire your business?"

"Hain't had no business lately," replied the young man hoarsely. "I've just finished a term in prison for forging cheques."

[N.B.—This professor has no connection with the distinguished graphologist whose services are retained for the readers of P.W.]

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, writing in *THE QUEEN*, says: "The first volume of *Pearson's Magazine* is a credit to all concerned in its production. It does what it promised to do, gives a shilling or eighteenpenny magazine for the popular sixpence. The printing, done by Mr. Horace Cox, both in the matter of type and blocks, leaves nothing to be desired. The pictures are by the best artists, admirably selected and reproduced, and its literary contents are a triumph of editorial acumen. The most striking of them, perhaps, are Mr. Allen Upward's 'Secrets of the Courts of Europe,' and perhaps the best single item is Mr. Frankfort Moore's 'Nell Gwyn.'

"Mr. Alden's 'Wisdom Let Loose' is capital, quite as good as Bill Nye, and almost as good as Mark Twain. Indeed, I think if he were to call himself Alden, without any W. L., and hit upon some first-rate title like 'The Jumping Frog,' there is no reason why a reprint of them should not be as popular as Artemus Ward's and Mark Twain's books of American humour."

"He would need a daring and skilful publisher, of course, and luck in catching the eye of the unliterary public. The main object of an author who wants to be successful is, not to catch the eye of readers, but the eye of people who do not read, for the literary public is so hopelessly scanty, while the sporting public, for instance, has hardly any limits."

"The particular character of Mr. Alden's wit is the delicate satire with which he makes his points by saying the converse of what he means. In approaching the subject of rational dress for cycling, for instance, he urges the claims, not of knickerbockers for women, but of skirts for men."

"Mr. Alden is really extremely funny, and never transgresses the bounds of good taste. He is especially funny when he is poking gentle fun at the spread-eagleism of his fellow countrymen. For Mr. Alden is an American. He was formerly Consul-General in Italy, and, if I mistake not, is a *cavaliere* of the kingdom of Italy."

ODDITIES ABOUT RAILWAYS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD DIRECTOR. No. 2.

IN the early days of railway travelling trains were described as "first," "second," "mixed," "fast," and "mail," the term express not having then been invented. The trains travelled very slowly. For instance, a second class train, with open carriages, roofed in at night for those who choose to pay the excess fare, took thirteen hours to compass the 201½ miles which separate London and Liverpool. Rather different to these days when the distance is accomplished in 4½ hours.

The London and Blackwall railway for years was worked by stationary engines dragging the carriages with one wire rope for the up, and another for the down traffic, each rope being eight miles long and drawing forty tons. As there were several branch lines on this railway considerable ingenuity had to be used in order to send the passengers to their proper destinations. A train would leave Fenchurch Street consisting of seven carriages. The two in front would be pulled right through by the rope to Blackwall, but the remainder were detached in succession. For instance, just before Shadwell was reached the guard, standing on a platform in front of the carriage, would pull out a coupling pin and detach the carriage, taking care to so time it that the momentum retained was sufficient to carry the carriage into the station where it would be brought to a standstill by the united efforts of the entire staff. This would be repeated at each station, till finally when Blackwall was reached only the two front carriages were left. The Sunderland and Durham Co. also worked with a rope, at first of hemp, afterwards of wire.

Many of the then rules and bye-laws will probably seem incomprehensible to people nowadays.

Here is a curious example: "If the check tickets"—as the tickets were called—"are not instantly produced when demanded at the station next before that to which the passenger is travelling, he will be liable to have the fare again demanded." I fancy that the enforcement of such a rule now would lead to some interesting scenes. The following rule, "Preserve your ticket until called for by the company's servant," will doubtless strike the reader as unnecessary and absurd. Of course, everyone preserves their ticket.

In these days, when railway accidents are few and far between, it is of course easy to do so, but years ago a journey by railway was an enterprise fraught with such deadly peril to life and limb, that a custom arose of the travelling passengers carrying their tickets in their hands, as if they were safer there than anywhere else. A collision led to their dropping them, and frequently passengers, after being hurled violently about several times during the journey, would declare their inability to produce them.

From some cause or other the question of gratuities stirred the souls of railway directors as deeply as the tipping of servants vexes the managers of theatres where there are no fees. Not content with simply declaring that "no gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any servant of the company on pain of instant dismissal," several companies employed large numbers of spies to prevent the rule from being violated.

Detectives were also stationed on the roofs of carriages to keep a watch on pickpockets. Sunday traffic is now regulated entirely by public demand, but not so many years ago, every station announced: "On Sundays the trains cease running from ten-threepence till one, being the hours of Divine service."

Mothers with children in arms once inspired more distrust than they do now. A matron with her treasure in her arms would think the ticket clerk mad nowadays if he were to say: "Can your child walk, madam?" but when railways were started we regarded all mothers travelling with helpless infants with dark suspicion.

The rule was, "Children in arms, *unable to walk*, free of charge." But the inability to walk had to be proved, so if the booking clerk noticed an infant of more than average development, he would leave his office and say: "Would you kindly place the child on the floor, if you please, ma'am, so that I can see whether it can walk or not." The rule was enforced for several years, but at length it provoked such loud remonstrance that it was repealed.

I shall never forget the horror which overspread the railway world when the late George Bradshaw projected his railway guide. I remember one of our directors saying, when the proposal came before the Board: "We are asked, gentlemen, to supply 'Bradshaw's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide' with particulars of our trains. I most strongly object to our complying with this request. I believe it would tend to make punctuality a sort of obligation, and that failure to keep the times announced would bring 'penalties.' All of us thought the same, and the board, therefore, declined. But we had a wily foe to deal with, for Mr. Bradshaw formed a syndicate, who bought up secretly such a number of our shares that at the next meeting we were forced to give way."

We acted in the same foolish manner with the applications which were made to us for season tickets. In this case we took our cue from the Brighton Railway, who had decided, after mature consideration, to fix the price for a six months' subscription ticket to Brighton and back at the startlingly prohibitive price of £100.

IS THE DOG CRAZE DYING OUT?

It seems to be a fact that the bicycle is ousting the dog from its old-time place as an outing companion for men. Whether large or small, a dog may, with the best intentions in the world, become a danger to his owner by running against the wheel, or by causing an accident in some similar way.

In the country one sometimes notices a dog running with a cyclist, but in the city thoroughfares they are tabooed. Besides the trouble they might cause, few dogs can run with a bicycle for a ten mile spin, and they would be utterly done for on a longer journey.

The men who once took pride and pleasure in their dogs as companions on pedestrian jaunts are now cycling, and their canines have vanished. So it seems that dogs are suffering from the rivalry of the machines as well as horses.

THE MISTRESS'S CHARACTER.

THE ordinary Irish servant, when she leaves one mistress for another, procures a paper "character" to take with her; but Chinese servants, so it seems, have an improvement upon this. A lady who has long resided in Australia relates an anecdote illustrative of the strong clannish feeling which prevails among the Chinese in that country:

"I had several Chinese cooks, one after another, and finally one of them went away very abruptly, so that I refused to pay him a full month's wages."

"His first successor spent only a few hours in my house before he gravely announced: 'Me go, me no stay.'"

"The two next stayed one day each, and then departed with the same brief, emphatic declaration. Number four appeared quite satisfied for three days, but at the end of that time he, too, followed his predecessors. In some concern, I called in my husband's office boy, a bright Chinese lad."

"'Ching Foo,' I asked, 'what is the matter? China-man no stay here.'"

"'Ah,' he said, 'me know, may be,' and he went into my kitchen, whither I followed him, wholly perplexed. He looked carefully about, peered into pots and kettles, upturned tubs and buckets, lifted lids, and turned over chairs, as if looking for something."

"Finally he pushed the clock from its place and uttered a quick cry of discovery."

"'Lookee,' he said and pointed to a row of hieroglyphics on the back of the clock."

"Having had them translated, I discovered that Sing Lee, my disaffected cook, had left my condemnation behind him."

"'She velly bad woman,' he had written; 'she no payee.'"

"WHAT are you doing, Tommy?"

"Standing before the looking-glass," said Tommy. "I wanted to see how I would look if I was twins."

WHEN a young girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's necktie, it is an infallible sign of something more serious than sisterly regard.

A CHEAP restaurant in the East-end of London displays before the patrons a card on which is written this advice: "Do not tip the waiter. He makes more than the owner, and has a half day off."

OLD BOY: "Thomas, if my wife asks you where I am, tell her I have gone to the opera."

Servant: "Certainly, sir, certainly; but where are you really going, in case anybody else should want to know?"

THE aide-de-camp rushed unceremoniously into the tent of the commanding general, began a salute, but wound up, in her excitement, by feeling if her cap were on straight.

"The enemy are advancing in force," she said.

The general looked up calmly. "Tell them I am not at home."

9 Complete Stories,

2 Instalments of Serials,

22 Sketches, and

£12 in Prizes.

form the contents of *Short Stories* for the current week. The serials are by Miss Winifred Graham and Mr. George Manville Fenn, the sketches by Messrs. Seymour Nation, E. F. Sherie, and F. Naughton, including decorative work by Mr. H. F. Hatton, and the prizes are offered in the most interesting forms of competition yet devised.

PICTURES IN BUTTER.

To sculpture in butter is a Chinese art. The artists' festival, called the "Feast of Flowers," is held four times a year, the most imposing spectacles being seen at the first exhibition, held on the fifteenth day of the first moon in the new year.

The best show is to be seen at the Lamasey of Kounbourn, whither pilgrims flock from all parts of the empire. A Lamasey is a religious community of Buddha, formed by huts, or small houses built round the temples, of which there are several. Each dwelling is inhabited by a Lama, who has several disciples, who perform his household duties in return for his instruction.

The festival occupies twenty Lamas in preparing for it, and they work daily for three months under the direction of a principal, who has planned these wonderful pictures, the design always varied.

The first step is to knead the butter, of which an immense quantity is used, till it becomes quite hard, the workers being obliged to keep their hands in water during the process. The mass is then divided, each portion being intrusted to a separate artist, who makes of it figures, groups, or scenery, as directed. This done, the groups, etc., are passed to others, who colour them.

On the eve of the feast hundreds of pilgrims arrive in caravans and encamp round the Lamasey, the exhibition being on the following night. The butter pictures are arranged in the open air, before the various temples, and illuminated. Vases of copper and brass stand on slight frames, and are filled with thick butter, with a solid wick, arranged so as to best display the artists' work.

The pictures are of exquisite finish, all figures being of life size, in the most graceful attitudes, and with beautiful drapery. Furs and skins of animals are so beautifully modelled that one wishes to touch them to see if they are real.

Various scenes from the life of Buddha are represented, also men of different tribes, so well portrayed that one can distinguish them at a glance.

There are a few heads of Hindoos and negroes, while the space between the temples is lined with bas-reliefs, depicting battles, hunting parties, and views of the most celebrated Lamaseries, all in butter. The frames are also of this material, and beautifully ornamented with animals and flowers. In front of the chief temple is a butter theatre, with actors a foot high, beautifully decorated.

These mannikins even go through some stage movements. By sunrise the next morning the whole has disappeared, the elaborations in butter having been thrown into a deep well. The pilgrims visiting the Lamasey have to make its circuit on arrival, prostrating themselves at short intervals. They must extend themselves on the ground with their arms outspread, and strike it with their foreheads, then creep on hands and knees for a few yards and renew the act of devotion.

As an alternative, they may walk round, carrying a heavy load of prayer-books, so great that they stagger under its weight. At the end of the circuit they are credited with having said all the prayers contained in the books.

Or, easiest of all, they may start a prayer wheel, which will continue in motion for some time without attention. The body of this contrivance is a circular barrel, round which are coiled the written prayers.

On one occasion two pilgrims came to blows. One of them, having started his devotional machine, was watching it from a little distance, when the other stopped it and set it off again on his own account. We fear that Buddha heard but few benedictions from either of his followers that night.

SUITOR: "May I take this buttonhole as a token of your friendship?"

Fashionable Miss: "Good gracious, no, sir! Why, that's my new bonnet! Buttonhole, indeed!"

"You have a very fine climate here," said the visitor to a resident. "Such a bracing air!"

"Yes," replied the resident gloomily, "but them there bicyclists come along and pump the air into their pneumatic tyres and carry it off."

ONE SHILLING, PLEASE!

And in return you shall have the August numbers of *Pearson's Magazine* and of *Melody*, which are now on sale.

THE BEST COMPOSERS. THE BEST ARTISTS.
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To be up-to-date, therefore, it is necessary for you to take *Pearson's Magazine* and *Melody* regularly.

THE BEST MUSIC, THE BEST STORIES, THE BEST ART, can thus be obtained for one shilling a month.

WILL WEDDING RINGS DIE OUT?

"As a new woman," he said, "I suppose you will object to the wedding ring as a symbol of man's tyranny."

"Of course I shall," she replied. "Under no circumstances would I consent to wear such a thing. It is not essential to a marriage, and it stands for all that is objectionable in the marriage relation."

"And on the same theory," he continued, "I suppose you will refuse to wear an engagement ring also."

"Well—no," she answered slowly and thoughtfully. "That's a very different matter."

"But theoretically it—"

"There is no use arguing," she interrupted. "I don't care what it is theoretically. Practically it is very often a diamond, while the wedding ring is only plain gold, and that makes all the difference in the world."

KAFFIR DENTISTRY.

THE methods of extracting teeth among the Kaffirs are barbarous in the extreme, and remind one of the tortures of the dark ages.

The patient is placed on the ground, and four men are employed to hold him down, two taking his arms and two his legs. Then the operator kneels down beside him, and taking a piece of sharpened ivory, steel, or wood, he calmly proceeds to hack away at the gum until the offending tooth is loose.

He then extracts it with finger and thumb, the patient having suffered naturally unspeakable agonies.

The time occupied in the operation is often of long duration, sometimes extending over as much as thirty minutes, but, of course, this varies according to the strength of the tooth. Persons in this country who make a practice of taking an anesthetic, when having a tooth extracted, would probably find the operation as performed by the Kaffir dentist a little troublesome, to say the least of it.

Of course the Kaffirs dwelling in or near the towns go to the ordinary dentist, but those living far away from civilisation have no alternative but to resort to the methods described above.



WHERE MURDERERS ARE HONOURABLE.

THE idea that a murderer should be released after he has been sentenced to death, and upon his promise to appear on a certain day for the purpose of being executed, will probably appear strange to the readers of P.W. Such a custom exists, however, among the government authorities who rule the Choctaw Indian nation in the United States.

So soon as the sentence is pronounced, the Indian is allowed to leave the court-room and resume the vocations of his daily life, which have been interrupted during the time he was imprisoned pending trial, until the day of his death, when he stoically appears and peacefully submits to his doom.

With the Indians, as a rule, honour counts before life, and in the Choctaw tribe this law is supreme. In the many years their history covers numbers of Indians have been sentenced to death and then released until the day of doom. In only one case has the condemned man failed to appear, and then it was by no fault of his own. The case referred to occurred six years ago, and an Indian named Beaver Dam was sentenced to die for killing his squaw.

Between the day of sentence and the day named for the execution there was a space of six weeks. A week before he was to die he was arrested on the Cherokee Indian reservation for stealing whisky, and imprisoned. The day set for his death came round and he begged for release so that he might go and die. The request was refused.

Beaver Dam then attempted to break out of prison, but as he was crawling through the window he was shot in the hip by one of the guards. He was taken to the prison hospital and placed under guard. During the night the guard fell asleep, and Beaver Dam crept from the bed and tried to crawl off to a point where he could get to the place of his execution. He was recaptured again and taken back. Six weeks later he was released from gaol, and immediately journeyed to the prison where he was to have been shot, and surrendered.

The last execution of this kind occurred on March 27th last. On March 14th, Charles Holmes, a full-blooded Choctaw Indian, was sentenced to die on March 27th for the murder of his son-in-law. He was released until the day of his death.

At the appointed time he appeared in the prison yard and took his station beside an open grave and coffin. He stood up and refused to be blindfolded. A tin star was then pinned to his clothes over his heart, and he was shot to death by twelve Indians stationed a short distance away.

CYCLING NOTES.

MESSRS. COOK have made a wise move in instituting personally conducted cycle tours, and I shall be surprised if English riders do not largely avail themselves of them. Many cyclists are deterred from crossing the Channel owing to their ignorance of any language but their own; but now that they can be "personally conducted," and enjoy many novel experiences without the trouble of having to make themselves understood, they need hesitate no longer.

THE English record for twenty-four hours has been raised by Mr. F. R. Goodwin, of the North Road Club, to 476 miles 1,702 yards, which is more than sixteen miles better than the journey covered by Shorland in 1894, then considered a wonderful performance. Marvellous as Goodwin's ride may seem to the uninitiated in such matters, it is poor indeed compared with the French all-day record, 533 miles 1,378 yards, established by Riviere in Paris a few weeks ago. But such is the instability of cycling records that even this is supposed to be at the mercy of Huret, or Riviere himself, whenever they feel inclined to make the effort to beat it. Of course, it must be remembered that the English record stands to the credit of a young amateur who races for the honour and glory, and "fun" of the thing, whereas the Frenchmen are professionals who race for a living.

THE death of the professional cyclist, A. V. Linton, has, to all intents and purposes, been proved by Dr. E. B. Turner to have been directly attributable to overdoing it, and nobody who knows what the unfortunate fellow went through in the last year of his life is likely to be misled by the foolish enthusiasts who seek to make us believe that he had in no way overtaxed himself. Linton won the last Bordeaux to Paris race through sheer pluck. He had had terribly bad luck on the road, having had several falls, the result of which was that he was cut and bruised and completely played out. Hearing that the only man in front of him was breaking up, Linton by desperate efforts gradually overhauled him, and eventually arrived first in Paris. But the effort, followed up as it was by other hard rides, completely undermined his constitution and left him an easy prey to the typhoid which attacked him.

THERE are many riders who never think of racing who are overdoing it just as surely as Linton did. The young Welshman was of exceptionally powerful physique, and was, moreover, a thoroughly trained athlete, yet he fell with scarcely a struggle when Nature revolted against the tax he put upon her. What chance, then, has the average rider who tries to do too much? I have no desire to pose as an alarmist, but I think that Linton's death, following so closely on articles that have been written on cycling by eminent medical men, should serve as a serious warning against the dangers of overtaxing one's powers.

AN attempt is being made to prejudice English cyclists against American machines, and inexperienced riders are making anxious inquiries as to the alleged defects of cycles imported from the States. I can only say that I have examined nearly all the best American makes, and sounder or more beautifully finished bicycles I don't want to see. The American makers' ideas as to details are not quite in accord with those of the English manufacturer, and the American is blamed for this as a grave fault. But why should the man not have ideas of his own and carry them out? The Americans are the greatest cycle tourists in the world. Every year hundreds of them cross the Atlantic and "do" Europe on their wheels. Could their machines stand the wear and tear of a three or four months' tour over all kinds of roads if they were the unreliable stuff which some critics proclaim them to be? The suggestion is preposterous. Riders have every reason to be pleased with the competition which has suddenly sprung up. It means, among other things, that the cyclist who orders his machine in January will not have to wait for it till April or May.

TWO CLAIMS FOR £100 PAID.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.21 p.m. on Saturday, August 15th, and 8.7 p.m. on August 22nd. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half-an-hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature _____

Available until midnight, August 22nd, 1896.

Remember that P.W. offers a Free Railway Insurance for £2,000. Have you signed the coupon?

PHOTO FACTS.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE CAMERA.

No. 10.

Living Photographs.

THE so-called "living photographs" and the X rays seem to be sharing between them just now the attention of the wonder-loving public. Many inventors, from Edison downwards, claim the first named as their own, and we hear of actions pending to settle the question of the proprietorship in these flickering pictures. So far as we can see such patents as relate to the subject have long ago lapsed, and it is certain that more than thirty years ago pictures and apparatus on precisely the same principle were exhibited in the old Polytechnic in Regent Street.

Royal Appreciation.

LIVING pictures produced by an apparatus contrived by Mr. Birt Acres have recently been honoured by Royal patronage. On the evening preceding the wedding of the Princess Maud there was a big dinner party at Marlborough House, and Mr. Acres's exhibition came as a little surprise for the assembled guests. Among the pictures shown was one taken at the opening of the Cardiff Exhibition, a function performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales a few weeks previously. This picture had been taken through a hole in a wall, and showed the Royal party alighting from their carriages. It was received by the company with great enthusiasm, and the faithfully-rendered gestures and actions of the principal figures seemed to be the cause of the greatest amusement to the originals.

Röntgen X Rays.

THE Röntgen X rays have also more than once met with royal attention, while their value to the medical profession is becoming more and more evident every day. A few weeks ago, the finding of a needle, or any other foreign body, in the tissues was considered a marvellous achievement, but since then the X rays have done far more wonderful things. With the help of the fluorescent screen and apparatus of the highest class, it is now possible to see through the entire thickness of the body, to note the beating of the heart, and the rising and falling of other organs as the breath is drawn in and expired. We write not from mere hearsay; we have seen these things ourselves—that is to say, we have seen the moving shadows on the fluorescent screen. It is, therefore, well within the bounds of possibility that with increased knowledge regarding these wonderful rays—or by aid of other rays not yet discovered—the time will come when the state of every internal organ of the body can be studied by the doctor as easily as he can now discern the state of the external skin.

A Misanomer.

THE Röntgen rays are of course mainly interesting to photographers on account of their action upon a gelatine dry plate, although it is ridiculous to group the phenomena exhibited under the term, "The New Photography." Photography has nothing whatever to do with the matter, except as a recorder of the effect produced, just as it makes records for astronomers, meteorologists, and a host of others. The term "New Photography" implies a supersession of the old method of taking sun pictures, an effect which the X rays cannot possibly bring about.

No Camera Necessary.

THIS unfortunate misnomer has given birth to the belief that X ray pictures must be taken with the camera, an idea which is quite erroneous. In a recent magazine article, the camera was depicted in one of the illustrations as part of the necessary apparatus. In another magazine the X rays are introduced in a novelette with startling effect. An Indian servant has murdered his master in order to possess himself of a certain diamond which he swallows as the most ready method of concealment. But the stone "goes down the wrong way," as children have it, and gives him such violent pains that he seeks relief from a scientific gentleman who is the good genius of the story. This expert puts the Röntgen rays on to the nigger and takes a photograph, but his method of procedure is certainly peculiar, as the following quotation will show: "I removed the cap from the camera, and after an exposure of from seven to ten minutes felt certain that I had taken a careful photograph." Then the stone is found in the photograph, the nigger dies, and all ends happily. It is, however, a pity that writers who will dabble in popular science will not take the trouble to acquire a little elementary knowledge concerning the things of which they discourse so glibly.

Window for Dark Room.

WE saw the other day a neatly contrived and very effective red window for an amateur photographer's dark room. The room in question was evidently designed for a box-room, for it was at the top of the house, was destitute of a fireplace, and had a lean-to ceiling. In this ceiling was a small skylight about one square foot in area, and the occupant had turned this into a red window in a very ingenious manner. In front of the glass he had fixed two grooved laths in which moved a frame which was about double the length of the window. Upon this frame was tacked

ruby medium, or red bookbinder's cloth, which is much the same thing, in overlapping layers. First one thickness over the entire frame, then another placed above it, but three inches short of the whole length, next a third thickness wanting another three inches, and so on, the effect being a graduated shade which could be shifted so as to give any variation in the amount of light required, according to the brightness of the daylight outside and to the sensitiveness of the plates or other material dealt with inside. The brighter end of the screen could be used during the manipulation of slow lantern plates and the like, and the darker end could be readily placed under the glass when more sensitive plates were in hand. The screen could also be shifted with advantage during the development of a plate, it being well known that when once the image appears a plate will bear much more red light than it did previously.

(A Special Column concerning Army matters next week.)

ADVICE WORTH FOLLOWING.

"I REMEMBER," said a boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "you told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."
"Yes," I am glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"
"Well, you see, a boy came into our road and made faces at me, and dared me to fight. I was going to try and thrash him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got punished. I remembered what you said, and began to count."
"And you didn't fight?"
"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water."

MAKING A BILLIARD-TABLE.

A MEMBER of a noted firm of billiard-table makers was asked by an interviewer: "Is 'the table of green cloth' ever covered with cloth of another colour?"
"Rarely," was the reply. "In a few solitary instances we have used blue, and in a few others a pure olive green. It was the late Prince Leopold that asked us to supply the latter."
"The beds of all the best tables are alike. To begin with, they must be as solid as a rock. Invariably the bed is of slate—five slabs, each weighing as nearly as possible 4 cwt. The cloth is used for no other purpose than to cover billiard-tables. There are but few manufacturers of fine qualities—like hunting cloths, they are expensive—and we use only those made by West of England men."
"The slates are obtained in the rough from Mid-Wales, and then prepared by us with dry sand till they are as level as a die. Dead level accuracy is the acme of perfection in billiard-table making. Everything must level up—be true to a hair's breadth; wood, bed, and cushions, all must be in perfect symmetry."
"The wood used has to be as sound as a bell and as dry as a bone. Seven years is about the period required for seasoning. The woods used are of several kinds. Of the solid and most useful species rich, deep Spanish mahogany is number one; pollard oak is the most picturesque, ebony and satin-wood the more expensive."
"Balls made of composition will never knock out those made of solid ivory. Any professional will inform you why. Really, the artificial balls are heavier than ivory ones, and after impact one with the other, play off at a different angle."
"What shall we do for ivory when all the elephants are dead? That's a problem which only the inventive genius can answer. All I can say is that of late there has been a big rise—ivory has gone up. Forty years ago a first-rate set of billiard balls would cost you something like eighteen shillings; to-day you must pay four guineas for the same article."

"Now, remember, Belinda," said Mrs. Sharply to her daughter, just married, "violence in anything is most unladylike. Of course you will sometimes disagree with your husband, but always hit him with the soft end of the broom."

"You shouldn't be so restless in church, Charlie," said the minister to his little son. "I could see you moving and jumping about in the pew all through my sermon."
"I was stiller'n you were, papa," answered Charlie. "You was wavin' your arms and talkin' all through church."

"My opponent, Mr. Chairman, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor," said an orator. "Whether this is so or not I shall not inquire. All I have to say is that whether he is entitled to the floor or not, he'll get floored if he interrupts me again."
Here the gentleman pulled up his sleeves and took his necktie off.



AMERICA has over 5,000 islands round its coasts.

SWORD-FISH as food is infinitely superior to salmon.

A SKIN of the sea-otter sometimes fetches £250.

A HERRING weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.

ON her first voyage the *City of New York* ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost her owners £20,000 to float her again.

FEMALE fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males with two single exceptions—the angler and the cat-fish.

THE world's oyster fisheries produce annually over 4,000,000 oysters, one half being consumed within three days after they are taken.

THE sea is one vast reservoir of gold to the extent of about one grain to the ton, or about four shillings-worth in every twenty-five tons of water.

THE hag-fish or Myxine has a custom of getting inside the cod and similar fishes and entirely consuming the interior, leaving only the skin and the skeleton remaining.

A WHALE recently captured in Arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon that belonged to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.

ON the east coast of England, where hook and line fishing is most extensively carried on, immense lines are used. Some of them are about eight miles long, and carry nearly 5,000 hooks.

THE natives of the South Sea Islands use the wood of a tree to catch fish. It needs only to be put in the water and in a short time the fish come to the surface in a stupefied condition, and can easily be caught by hand.

A FEARFUL monster of the deep, a king cuttle-fish or octopus, became stranded recently on the Irish coast. Its arms, or tentacles, were thirty feet long, so that it had a grasp of seventy feet, sufficient to drag down a vessel or strangle a whale.

THE greatest diving feat ever achieved was in moving the cargo of the ship *Cape Horn* wrecked off the coast of South America, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of over 200 feet, remaining at one time forty-two minutes under the water. An authority states that the greatest depths to which a man has been known to descend does not exceed 220 feet, which is equivalent to a pressure of 88½ lb. to the square inch.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway Insurance.

438 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)
This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

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Specially Guaranteed by the
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CORPORATION, LIMITED.

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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET
Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.
Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, August 16th, 1896, until Midnight, Saturday, August 22nd, 1896. (See column 2, page 91.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—"The Final War," by Louis Tracy, will shortly appear in book form.

THE WAY TO GROW RICH.

Ninepence will send a slum child for a day into the country through PEARSON'S "Fresh Air Fund."

NEW SERIAL STORY.

Briton or Boer?

A TALE OF THE FIGHT FOR AFRICA.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION," "OLGA ROMANOFF," "VALDAR THE OFT-BORN," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD PIFFARD.

SUMMARY.

CHAPTER I.—The scene opens on the Rand. It is the eve of Amajuba day and a State ball is being given. To this comes Prince Paul Regna, a Polish nobleman, and his daughter, Princess Vavara. They are introduced to Dr. Leyds.

CHAPTER II.—Dr. Leyds returns to Pretoria, to attend a midnight consultation at the Government buildings. The Prince's rooms are in the Grand Hotel opposite. By tapping the wires, which cross the street at this point, the Prince and his daughter overhear all that goes on, and telegraph the result by secret code to Europe.

CHAPTERS III. AND IV.—Amajuba Day dawns. The Secretary accompanies the Prince and Princess to Krugersdorp, where, from the base of the Monument of Independence, the President makes a great proclamation. The Convention of London is abrogated, the absolute independence of the South African Republic is declared; the President unfurls a Union Jack and rends it to pieces. So the storm bursts!

CHAPTERS V. AND VI.—On the following day Major-General Carrington learns at Bulawayo that all the wires have been cut between Rhodesia and the south and east. He concludes that this is due to Boer hostility, and prepares to meet it. Meanwhile a powerful British squadron appears unexpectedly in Delagoa Bay, and Lieutenant Ferris is sent ashore to take possession of the telegraph station.

CHAPTER VII. FORCING THE LOCK.

The smoke-cloud towards Inyack Island had now resolved itself into several distinct streams of smoke which proceeded respectively from the funnels of Her Majesty's battleships *Victorious*, *Magnificent*, and *Majestic*, the cruisers *Terrible*, *Powerful*, *Edgar*, *Endymion*, and *Grafton*, and the torpedo-destroyers *Ardent*, *Boxer*, *Bruiser*, *Daring*, *Ferret*, and *Foam*. They were coming up at the full speed of the battleships, seventeen knots, or nearly twenty statute miles, which was better than that of the Russians by a good couple of knots.

When they were about ten miles from the land the two great cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible* put on their full speed of twenty-two knots, closely followed by the *Edgar*, *Endymion*, and *Grafton* doing a good twenty, with the obvious intention of heading off the Russians which lay in the seven-fathom water outside the mouth of the harbour.

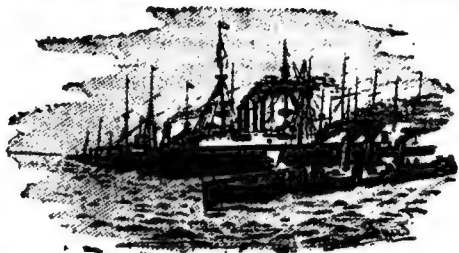
The three battleships attended by the destroyers followed the cruisers in column of line abreast about half-a-mile astern.

Not many minutes now elapsed before his glasses showed the Russian Admiral how formidable a foe he had to contend with. A single glance was enough to convince him that he was completely out off from the sea and must either fight at practically hopeless odds or surrender.

How he had been caught in such a trap was utterly beyond his comprehension. His orders had told him to pay a friendly visit to Cape Town and coal there. This done he was to weigh anchor, ostensibly with the object of proceeding to the China Seas, steam straight to the latitude of Delagoa Bay and lie with banked fires thirty miles to the eastward of Inyack Island, there to await orders from the land. These orders he had received through the medium of the yacht which the solitary watcher on Reuben Point had seen steam out to sea twenty-four hours before. On receipt of these he had steamed into the Bay.

His arrival moreover had been strictly timed to anticipate by some six hours the arrival of the German squadron, consisting of the ironclads *Kaiser* and *Deutschland*, the cruisers *Geier*, *See Adler* and *Condor* and six first and second class torpedo boats, which Mr. Secretary Leyds had confidently expected to be in possession of the "keyhole of Africa" on the morning of the 17th December.

But, whatever the reason of these extraordinary happenings, there could not be the slightest doubt as to the purpose of the British squadron. The two lines of cruisers



and battleships took up their position across the ten-fathom channel to the north of Elephant Island, thus completely barring the way to all vessels of such draft as the Russians. Then one of the destroyers, the *Bruiser*, left the side of the *Majestic*, flying a white flag, and came tearing through the smooth water at some twenty knots an hour towards the *Navarin*.

She ran alongside the Russian flagship, and the lieutenant in command delivered a note from the British Admiral stating that he accepted the shots fired at the *Thrasher* as an act of war and declaration of hostilities, and calling upon the Russian Admiral, in the interests of humanity, to surrender forthwith to a force which an appended list of the British warships would prove to be of overwhelming strength.

* See map published last week.

The note concluded with the brief but startling statement that Delagoa Bay and the surrounding territory had been purchased by Great Britain from Portugal, and that, therefore, the Russian squadron was in British waters without either invitation or permission.

Politely worded as it was, it was by no means a pleasant message to receive. Vice-Admiral Tcherkov glanced from under his frowning brows at the formidable list and in that glance recognised the inevitable. In number of ships, speed, and gunpower he was hopelessly at a disadvantage.

Altogether he was between the horns of an exceedingly awkward dilemma. To fight meant almost certain destruction; to surrender without a fight meant not only disgrace but probably also court martial and death. Flight was absolutely out of the question, for his ships were completely hemmed in by the British squadron, which entirely commanded the only practicable channel between the perils of the Lech Reef and the Cockburn Shoals.

As most men in such a position would have done, he tried to temporise. He assured the lieutenant of the *Bruiser* that he had no intention of sinking the *Thrasher*, as he could easily have done had he desired to do so. That he had suspected a sinister motive in what he thought to be the unwarrantable landing of the British bluejackets, and therefore thought he had a right to stop the destroyer by force after she had disregarded his signal. Further that he was not aware that his country was in a state of war with Great Britain, and that therefore he claimed an armistice of twelve hours to enable him to communicate with his government by telegraph.

The reasoning was plausible enough, seeing that it had to be formulated on the spur of the moment, but it went only a very short way with Lieutenant Cardigan of the *Bruiser*, for he listened to it with a just perceptible smile on his clean shaven lip, and answered it politely but uncompromisingly by saying:

"My instructions, sir, are to take back your answer 'Yes,' or 'No.' I have no power to make terms or to listen to proposals. If I return without an answer the squadron will advance, and fire will be opened immediately."

Very important issues are sometimes decided by very trifling causes, and it was thus what was afterwards known as the Battle of Delagoa Bay came to be fought. There was something exceedingly unpleasant in the quiet tones of the young lieutenant, a suggestion of absolute and unquestioned superiority which set the hot semi-Tartar blood of Admiral Tcherkov on fire and scattered whatever prudent considerations might have been forming in his mind to the winds.

His sallow face flushed a muddy red, and his bristly whiskers and moustache seemed to stiffen out with anger. He stamped his foot on the deck and said in a harsh and somewhat husky voice:

"The servants of my master are not accustomed to be bullied in that fashion, sir. Go back and tell your admiral that I shall obey my orders at any cost. They are to remain here until the arrival of another squadron which is not many hours behind you, and here I shall remain either till that squadron arrives or the last of my ships is sunk."

"Tell him, too, if he does not already know it, that the fight will not be so unequal as he seems to hope for. There may be no escape for us, but it may be that there will be none for you either if our friends find you here in the condition in which I hope we shall leave you. That is my answer. Good-morning, sir."

With that Admiral Tcherkov abruptly turned his back on the lieutenant of the *Bruiser* and walked aft. That officer smiled gravely, yet not sadly—such a smile as a man might permit himself when holding four aces at poker. He took a rapid but comprehensive glance over the decks of the *Navarin*, touched his cap to the officer in charge of the gangway, and walked stiffly and deliberately down the ladder.

The *Bruiser* sped away towards the British line, which was now about three miles from the Russian. Almost at the same moment the *Sokol*, which had been lying on the other side of the *Navarin*, left her side and headed away at full speed to the south-eastward with the obvious intention of rounding the southern extremity of Inyack Island, slipping through the shallow water which covered the narrow channel between the island and the peninsula, and so getting to sea.

She was the fastest craft in the Russian navy, running a good thirty knots an hour. Once outside she would most likely trust to her heels for a successful dash up the Mozambique Channel to the nearest French telegraph station in Madagascar, and there give information of the doings of the British squadron. Possibly too she might fall in with a powerful French squadron which Admiral Tcherkov would have been very glad to believe actually in the proximity to Delagoa Bay that he had alleged it to be in.

Although the *Bruiser* kept on her way towards the *Majestic* this incident by no means passed unnoticed. The *Thrasher* had rejoined the squadron and had taken up her station between the *Majestic* and the *Victorious*. Instantly her number fluttered from the signal-yard of the flagship with a string of variegated bunting below it.

Lieutenant Ferris, still standing on the platform of the telegraph house with his glasses fastened to his eyes, shut his teeth with a snap and muttered a hardly printable expression through them as he saw the signal which he had no need to be able to read. His instinct told him that it read,



"Chase Sokol. Capture or sink."

The next moment the *Thrasher* backed out from between the big battleships, stopped and turned, as it were, on her heel, till her nose pointed due south. Then, as if a powerful spring had been released behind her, she shot away towards the southern point of the island to, if possible, cut the *Sokol* off before she could double it and make for the passage.

According to the etiquette of civilised warfare the now inevitable battle could not begin until the *Bruiser* had delivered her message to the *Majestic* and hauled down her white flag, so the two squadrons continued to approach each other with guns loaded and pointed until the black, wicked-looking little craft, as though exulting in her superior speed, took a wide sweep round the three battleships and ran in under the quarter of the *Majestic* with as much ease as though she had been laying at anchor instead of steaming her full seventeen knots through the water.

When Admiral Taylor Dale received the reckless defiance of the Russian Admiral, and heard the news of the threatened approach of the hypothetical friendly squadron he shook his head with the gesture of a man who had just heard that another had decided to commit suicide.

There was, however, no question in his mind as to the task which lay before him, and if there had been any it would have been instantly removed by the sight of the red ensign flying from the flagstaff of the telegraph station, for that was the pre-arranged signal which told him that Lieutenant Ferris had sent to the Cape the news of the arrival of the squadron and the finding of the enemy, and had received the expected order to fight.

The importance of getting in the first blow was never so great as it is in modern naval warfare, and of this fact the British Admiral was fully aware. The three pairs of twelve-inch, fifty-ton guns in the forward barbettes of the *Majestic*, *Magnificent*, and *Victorious*, were already trained on to the *Navarin*. In point of range and striking power these guns are generally considered to be the most effective weapons afloat, and on this the first occasion on which they had been used in deadly earnest, they amply justified their reputation.

At two thousand yards they all spoke together, and the six huge shells found their mark on the devoted *Navarin* almost at the same instant.

The effect was as marvellous as it was frightful. The Russian flagship was for the moment enveloped in a cloud of mingled smoke and flame. A minute before she had been spick and span and perfect in every detail. A minute after she was a shattered wreck, rent and battered out of all recognition.

Almost at the same moment the cruisers, which had been swiftly closing in, opened fire with their 9.2in. guns at 3,000 yards range on the *Rurick* and the *Rossia*, which replied with their 8in. guns from the forward sponsons. The *Powerful* and *Terrible* devoted their attention to the *Rossia*, while the *Edgar* and *Endymion* tackled the *Rurick*.

The Russian cruisers were slower in speed and weaker in armament than the British, but they were armoured and their opponents were not. The British, therefore, taking advantage of their superior speed, kept away and pounded the Russians with their big guns, waiting until the battleships had disposed of the *Navarin* and the *Gangout*, after which there would naturally be nothing left for the Russian cruisers but the choice between sinking and surrender.

But that one terrible discharge from the big guns of the *Majestic*, *Magnificent*, and *Victorious* had not only begun the fight; it had, in fact, decided it. The commander of the *Gangout*, though every whit as brave a man as his admiral, was considerably more prudent, and when he saw his consort practically put of action before she had fired a shot, he clearly recognised that to go on was merely to court certain destruction. His own guns were trained on the *Majestic*, and his finger was on the electric button, ready to transmit the spark which would have fired them, when to his horror he saw the *Navarin* lurch heavily to port, and begin to settle by the stern.

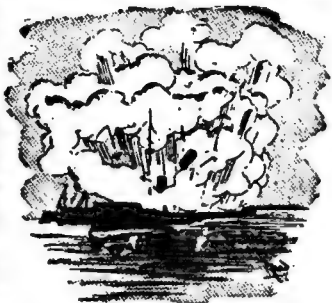
The two shells from the *Victorious* had happened to strike close together under her quarter, a few feet aft of the end of her armoured belt. They had penetrated and burst inside her inner skin, and one of the fragments had exploded a torpedo just as it was being placed in one of the after tubes.

No fabric made by human hands could have withstood the frightful energy of the combined explosions. A huge rent was torn in her quarter, her port screw-shaft was broken, and the torpedo room was flooded in an instant.

The commander of the *Gangout* saw at a glance that she was doomed, and that the fight was now more hopeless than ever. A few brief moments of bitter reflection convinced him that there was only one course to be taken. He saw the *Majestic* heading straight for his crippled consort, pouring in a ceaseless storm of shot from her forward six-inch quick-firers, and evidently meaning to ram unless the Russian flag-ship struck. His own ship, too, was getting badly mauled under the combined fire of the *Victorious* and the *Majestic*, while she herself had not fired a shot.

All this had taken place during the few moments that he remained undecided whether to fight or strike. His indecision was, however, quickly ended by the sight of the *Navarin's* flag fluttering down in token of surrender. A moment or two more and the ram of the *Majestic* would have sent her to the bottom. He struck his own flag at once, and surrendered with the unfired charges still in his guns, and within fifteen minutes of the firing of the first shot.

The *Rurick* struck to the *Endymion* and the *Edgar* a few



minutes later, hopelessly outmatched in speed and weight of metal. The *Bessie*, with her triple engines driving her three propellers at their utmost speed, made a desperate effort to pass between the *Terrible* and the *Grafton* and gain the open sea, but though she was making nearly twenty knots, she was still one knot slower than the *Grafton*, and three knots slower than the *Terrible*, and a very few minutes sufficed to convince her captain that there could be only one end to such a race.

There were the big cruisers in front of him, and the huge 15,000 ton battleships behind him. If he had possessed the twenty-two knots of the *Powerful* or the *Terrible* he might have got away, but the *Bessie's* best was only a fraction over nineteen knots. It was as impossible for him to run away as it was to fight, so down came his flag too, and within half-an-hour of the firing of the first shot, the *Sokol* was the only craft of the Russian squadron that was not in possession of Admiral Taylor Dale.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

In the comparatively smooth water of the bay, the *Sokol* had an advantage of nearly half a knot over the *Thrasher*, and a few minutes run sufficed to convince Lieutenant Frank Stevens, who was commanding the British boat, *vice* Lieutenant Ferris, that, although the Russian had a little farther to go, he would get to the opening first. The boilers of both boats were throbbing under every ounce of steam that they would stand, and their thin steel sides seemed to palpitate like the flanks of a racing horse, and the flames that roared up through their funnels were palely visible even in the bright sunlight of the tropical morning.

The practicable channel even for boats like these, drawing under six feet of water, between the island and the peninsula was so narrow that the boat which reached it second would have to go through almost dead astern of the first, and this was a very serious matter.

The speed of the new type of destroyer is so great that the bow torpedo-tube has been abolished,

simply because the torpedo cannot be fired unless the boat slows to do it, since at full speed the boat would overtake the torpedo and blow herself up with it. Hence it will be plain that if the *Thrasher* entered the channel astern of the *Sokol* she would stand a chance of being torpedoed without being able to reply.

Lieutenant Stevens clearly foresaw this, and decided, as he put it to his engineer, to get there first or "bust," both metaphorically and literally. The engineer nodded—there didn't seem time to say anything—and the stokers, if possible, worked harder than ever; but those on the *Sokol* were doing the same thing, and the two boats raced absolutely neck and neck for the narrow opening.

Unhappily, however, the *Sokol*, as will be seen from the sketch-map (published in last week's issue) had an almost straight course to steer, while the *Thrasher* had to make a turn to avoid the shoal to the south of the island, one touch on which would have ended the race and probably her own career. This, do what he would, made a difference of about a length to Lieutenant Stevens, and the Russian craft slipped in first.

He himself was steering in the conning-tower, and as the two boats were only a couple of hundred feet apart, and running at almost exactly the same speed, he could see the slightest movement on the *Sokol's* deck as distinctly as though he had been standing on it. He saw the muzzle of one of the six-pounder quick-firers which she carried aft sink slightly, and recognised the fact that the stream of shells which in another moment or so would be pouring from its steel throat, would rip the *Thrasher* open almost from stem to stern. There was only one thing to be done, and that at once.

"Ready with the twelve-pounder. Fire!" he shouted, "And keep it up."

The English gunner was just a moment or so quicker with his eyes and hands than the Russian, and so the English shell got home first. It hit the shield of the Russian gun, and smashed it out of shape. Almost at the same instant that it burst the Russian gunner fired, but that moment or two had been all sufficient. The *Sokol* dipped her stern ever so little on a swell that was coming in from the sea. The gunner had no time to correct his aim before he saw the flash from the English gun, and his first and only shell plunged into the water about a foot wide of the *Thrasher's* bow. The next instant he was a dead man and his gun disabled.

"Go for his funnels, Thwaites. You've got them in a dead straight line now. Ah, I thought so! Phew! that was a narrow squeak! Well done, Thwaites, that's stopped her."

Three things had happened almost simultaneously as he was speaking. A torpedo had leapt from the *Sokol's* after-tube into the water dead ahead of the *Thrasher*, Lieutenant Stevens had ported his helm ever so little, and, as he put it afterwards, just squeezed in between shoal and shoal—of which latter the torpedo would have formed a capable if transient representation if it had struck the *Thrasher's* bow

instead of scraping along her side—and a couple of fast succeeding shells had torn two lines of jagged rents through the four funnels of the Russian boat.

As he spoke he took one hand off the wheel and sent a



signal for half-speed to the engine-room. The *Thrasher* slowed down just in time to avoid running her bow into the *Sokol's* stern, but as she came up she received the fire of her two remaining six-pounders which ripped her deck up in several places and injured her forward funnel rather badly.

But as she was able to bring three of her six-pounders, as well as her twelve-pounder, to reply to these, the argument was not of very long duration. The shells fired at such close quarters drilled clean holes wherever they struck, and after a few minutes' fire the *Sokol* was riddled and rent by scores of holes and gashes in her decks and sides, and was practically in a sinking condition.

The *Thrasher's* last word was a twelve-pound shell, which hit a torpedo that the Russian lieutenant was desperately trying to launch in a last effort to destroy his adversary, and very possibly himself, seeing how close the two craft were. A frightful explosion followed, stunning for the moment every man on board the *Thrasher*, hurling those who were standing on her decks prostrate, and flinging two of them into the sea.

As for the *Sokol*, her after-part seemed to shrivel up as far as the funnels, a great cloud of steam rushed out of the huge ragged rents in the portion which remained, and when Lieutenant Stevens came to himself, he was just in time to stop the *Thrasher* from running into the wreck which lay across the narrow channel in about seven feet of water.

"What a pity!" he said to himself. "I should like to have taken her back to the Bay at the end of a hawser. By Jove! that shook us up pretty well here. A few yards nearer, and we should all have gone to glory together. Poor old Ferris! Won't he be mad when I tell him what he's missed. I wonder if there's anybody alive on board her? We seem to have suffered pretty badly, too."

This was the fact. Poor Gunner Thwaites and his two assistants were lying terribly mangled beside the gun they had used so well; nearly a score of others were more or less badly wounded by the close and rapid shell-fire; and the two men who had been frung senseless overboard had been drowned. The boat was badly knocked about, but fortunately chiefly as to her deck and upper works. Her engines were untouched, and none of the holes or rents in her sides were near the water line.

Lieutenant Stevens had the dinghy lowered and made a careful personal search of the wreck. Only about a dozen or so of her crew remained alive, and every one of these was either scalded or badly wounded or both, with the exception of a man in civilian clothes who with white face and shaking limbs crawled up out of the fore peak where he had evidently been hiding during the brief running fight, in answer to his repeated hail of inquiry for any more who might be alive on board the wreck.

He scrambled crab fashion along the steeply-tilted deck, and began to implore Stevens to save his life, and let him go on shore as soon as possible as he had most important business to transact. He had evidently been terribly frightened, and, seeing this, the Lieutenant said to him kindly:

"Your life is in no danger, sir. We English don't murder our prisoners, you know; but going ashore is another matter. I'm afraid you'll have to come with me aboard the flagship and get the Admiral's permission first. By-the-way, it's curious you should have important business on shore and yet be in such a tremendous hurry to get away from it, as you were just now. I expect the Admiral will want to know what you, as a civilian, had to do on board a torpedo-boat destroyer, trying to run the gauntlet. Oblige me by getting into the boat."

While he was speaking the Lieutenant's suspicions had been growing. The man spoke English perfectly, but was evidently a Russian—in fact, he spoke it as few foreigners save a Russian could have done—and his eager request to be allowed to go on shore a few minutes after he had been doing his best to escape by sea seemed as suspicious, on second thoughts, as it had sounded ludicrous in the first instance.

It was quite possible that the man was an agent of the Russian Government, and that the *Sokol* had been especially dispatched to get him out of the way. If this was the case, it was on the cards that he might have papers of importance in his possession. Lieutenant Frank Stevens, though a thoroughly practical sailor and most promising young officer, had a spice of romance in his nature, and the idea of making a capture which might result in exposing some of the secret machinations of the wildest enemy England had ever had was by no means unappealing to him.

He gave the prisoner in charge of a quartermaster with instructions to take him to his own cabin. He then told a couple of his men to go down into the fore-peak and make a careful search. As soon as the prisoner heard this an exclamation in Russian, that sounded very like an oath broke from his lips, and his face, which had begun to regain its colour turned white again.

"There is nothing there, sir, I assure you," he said to the Lieutenant with needless emphasis. "Nothing but my own private property, which I presume honourable enemies such as you will hold sacred. I am not a combatant, I am a private individual. I was only given a passage on the *Sokol* by the Admiral's favour."

"Where to?" said the Lieutenant abruptly, looking him straight in the eyes.

"To—to—well, to the nearest friendly port at which I could be landed from whence I could go about my business—my own business, of course."

"I'm afraid Mr.—Mr.—by-the-way we have not introduced ourselves yet. I am Lieutenant Stevens, second in command of Her Majesty's ship *Thrasher*. May I ask your name?" The Lieutenant spoke very politely but with just a touch of irony in his tone.

"My name is—Peter Spiridoff, sir, at your service," the prisoner replied with just the slightest perceptible pause after the "is." "I regret that my passport and personal papers were in a portmanteau in a cabin at that end of the vessel which was destroyed by the explosion. *Ach douraki!*"

As it happened Lieutenant Stevens knew just enough Russian to know that this last word was the equivalent of the English monosyllable "fool" preceded by a familiar but unprintable adjective, and for the moment he so far forgot his manners as to laugh outright at his prisoner's discomfiture which was obviously caused by the reappearance of the two men who had been sent to search.

One of them carried a yellow leather dispatch case on the side of which were boldly painted in black the initials "M. O." The Lieutenant took it from the sailor and looked at it. He noticed that it was heavily weighted like a ship's private signal book—probably for the same purpose, to be sunk in case of need.

"Ah, Mr. Peter Spiridoff," he said pleasantly to his prisoner, "this is evidently not yours then. I suppose it belonged to one of the poor fellows who will have no further use for it; possibly you were taking care of it for him in your place of safety. Well, there can be no harm in my taking charge of it at any rate. Now we'd better be getting back on board. After you, Mr. Spiridoff."

Mr. Michael Ostroff had by this time quite recovered from the physical terror which had made him commit in the last few minutes more mistakes than he had made in all the forty odd years of his life before, and in its place he became suddenly possessed by a paroxysm of rage. He had forgotten to destroy or effectively conceal the priceless papers which his dispatch case contained. He had lied about the case itself, and given a false name which prevented him even claiming it.

There was just one chance of redeeming his terrible error. He made a sudden dash at the Lieutenant, tore the case from his hands, and was in the act of flinging it into the sea when one of the bluejackets grabbed him by the arm and gave it a twist which sent him to his knees, while the other deftly caught the case as it left his hand.

Within five minutes he was securely handcuffed in Lieutenant Stevens' cabin, "foaming at the mouth in double Dutch," as Seaman-Gunner Tom Smith afterwards put it in the fore-castle.

The survivors of the *Sokol's* crew were carefully taken on board the *Thrasher*, and then she backed out of the narrow channel, and ran back to the squadron, at little more than half the speed she had made during the chase. She was met by the *Boss*, *Brasier*, and *Ardent*, which had been sent to learn the cause of the explosion, which had taken place out of sight of the warships behind the island, and escorted in triumph back to the side of the *Majestic*.

Lieutenant Stevens at once went on board with his prisoner and the dispatch case, and made his report to the Admiral. The Admiral thanked him warmly, ending up with a significant hint at the possible command of the boat that would replace the *Thrasher* while she was undergoing repairs. Then he took possession of the despatch case and sent its owner to the guard-room between two marines.

He opened the case alone in his private room, and for nearly an hour the sentry outside the locked door acted on his express orders, and turned away all applicants for admission, no matter what their rank or business. He came out looking a good five years older than when he had gone in. He had the look, too, of a man upon whose shoulders the weight of an unexpected and tremendous responsibility had suddenly fallen.

He asked the first midshipman he met on deck where the Flag-Captain was. The midshipman saluted, and told him he was on the bridge. This the Admiral might have seen for himself at a glance, but, as the Eastern saying has it, "his eyes were turned inward" at the time. He looked up and went straight to the bridge, taking no notice of anyone he passed. "Barrow," he said, "I've learnt some very grave news. Let all the Russian prisoners be placed as rapidly as possible on board the merchantships in the bay. Every English sailor, seaman, officer, engineer, or stoker, must if possible be got to volunteer for the fleet before midday. All the refitting that can be done at sea must be pushed on as rapidly as possible, but first of all signal for all the flag-captains and senior commanders of the squadron to meet in my room in a quarter of an hour."

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

A PARENT'S WAIL.

Oh me! Oh my! Likewise Great Scott!
Into what woe is this I've got?
I've lately sent my boy to school,
That he might not grow up a fool;
And all the things I've told to him,
Some based on fact, and some on whim,
These days are coming back to me:
Alas, alas, that it should be!

I told him once that Washington,
Ere he his manhood had begun,
Once with a mutton-chop did hack
A cherry-tree out at the back,
And that in falling down it hit
His father where he kept his wit;
He told it as 'twas told by me:
Alas, alas, that it should be!

And when his teacher said 'twas not
The way I'd said, the little tot
Got up and told her that he guessed
He'd take my word before the rest;
And while it might quite suit her whim,
She'd best not go at stuffing him;
His daddy knew about that tree:
Alas, alas, that it should be!

And one by one the tales I've told,
By which he's been so badly sold,
But which I told him all in fun,
Are proving false unto my son,
Who watches me with mournful eye,
Half hoping that I do not lie,
But losing faith, alas, in me:
Alas, alas, that it should be!

A HOUSEHOLD IMPLEMENT WOMEN CANNOT USE.—
There exists a curious lack of sympathy between woman and the hammer. The nature and functions of the hammer have never been grasped by the fair sex. Occasionally a woman is found who can drive simple and easy tacks with a common tack hammer; but such a woman is even rarer than a man who knows what a gusset is, and can insert one into the neck of a shirt. The uniformity with which the woman who uses a hammer smashes her fingers is not due, as superficial observers imagine, to her inability to guide the hammer by her eye. It would be strange indeed if it were, for the eye of a woman is so constantly and thoroughly cultivated, with the help of a looking-glass, that it is far more accurate than the masculine eye.

This is demonstrated by a simple and pleasing experiment. Let a man try to insert a pin into his collar while looking in a mirror, which, of course, reverses the apparent position of both pin and hand. He will find that the pin refuses to enter anything except his finger, and that he cannot place the point of it within half an inch of the position in which he desires to place it. Now, let a woman seat herself before the same mirror with a handful of hairpins. She will stick every one of them in her back hair, where they will do the most good, without an instant's hesitation. Nothing could prove more clearly than does this experiment the superior accuracy of the feminine eye.

Woman hits her fingers because of her entire lack of confidence in, and sympathy with, the hammer. She is afraid to strike a heavy blow that would force the nail or tack firmly into its place, so she strikes timorously and tentatively. The result is that the nail requires to be held upright between her thumb and finger, and in that position they are exposed to the greatest danger. Professor Huxley estimates that out of every five blows struck by a woman, two fall on the nail and three on the fingers. From these facts it has been ably argued by another eminent philosopher and friend of woman that were she to aim her blows directly at her fingers, the latter would be hit only twice out of five blows, and the nail would be hit three times. There is much force in this argument, but it is impossible to induce a woman to boldly aim at her fingers, and those to whom the suggestion has been made have invariably rejected it with a scornful and irrelevant reference to fiddlesticks.

As there exists this want of mutual understanding between woman and the hammer it is not strange that she should prefer almost anything to the hammer as an instrument for driving nails. There prevails a curious female delusion to the effect that nails can be driven with a hair brush. If a tack is to be driven into the wall of a bedroom, or a hook is to be nailed to the wall of a cupboard, a woman will invariably try to do the work with her—or preferably her husband's—hair brush. It must be confessed that the hair brush when thus used is a safe tool. It seldom if ever bruises the fingers, but it is utterly inefficient. Either it breaks at the third blow or it flattens the nail sideways into the plaster. In either case the work is a failure, and the woman finds no refuge from disappointment, marred walls, and broken brushes except in tears.

There have been women who have tried to drive nails with articles of glass or china, such as hand-mirrors or

heavy coffee cups. The futility of such efforts is, however, so quickly demonstrated that even before the fragments of china and glass have been picked up the fair nail-driver makes up her mind that hammers must be made of sterner stuff. Brass candlesticks have become of late years comparatively scarce, but wherever they exist they are uniformly regarded by women as admirable substitutes for the hammer.

Razor strops, gum bottles, books, knives, legs of broken chairs, and heels of shoes, are among the miscellaneous hammer substitutes in common use with the sex; but they give little satisfaction. There is no doubt that the genuine hammer is more efficient and less dangerous than any substitute for it yet discovered by female ingenuity, and could the mind of woman be brought into sympathy with the hammer, she would doubtless drive nails with eminent success, and with only an infrequent and purely accidental smashing of fingers.

A SURE CURE.—Mrs. Whittler: "Why, what brings you home so early this afternoon?"

Whittler (pressing his hand to his right side and sinking slowly into a chair with a weak smile): "Appendicitis, that's all."

Mrs. Whittler: "Appendicitis! What can you mean?"

Whittler: "I know what you will say. I know that Mrs. Highblower's reception is to-day, and that you said you would never forgive me if I didn't go to it with you. I am afraid, my dear, that I came home not to go to a reception, but to die."

Mrs. Whittler: "Oh, don't say that. Where is the pain?" (Feels his head and pulse.)

Whittler: "Just here. It came on gradually this morning. Not a sharp pain, but a feeling of oppression. That's the way it always begins, you know."

Mrs. Whittler: "Now, dear, calm yourself. It may be nothing, after all. You are so easily alarmed."

Whittler: "Easily alarmed! With this pain? Of course you know more about it than I do. But I'll go to your reception. I may as well die there as anywhere. But in case I live—this is only a supposition—in case I live to get to the hospital, have Knifer operate on me. I've known him for years. Best surgeon in town."

Mrs. Whittler: "Don't take on so. You mustn't."

Whittler: "You'll find all my papers in order, in case peritonitis should set in, as it probably will. The insurance policy is made out to you, and you can get the money when Knifer signs the death-certificate."

Mrs. Whittler: "But, dear, do you think you will have to be operated on?"

Whittler: "Why, of course. Don't all cases like mine have to be operated on?"

Mrs. Whittler: "Not always. I think I can cure you in about half a minute."

Whittler: "You! How?"

Mrs. Whittler: "It's the easiest thing in the world. You made a slight mistake. That reception isn't until a week from to-day. This is the night we arranged to go to the theatre."

"Is love madness?" is a question recently agitated in the newspapers. Depends, we take it, on the question which chap gets the girl.

THREE DAYS

In PARIS for " " £2 12s. 6d.

To BRUSSELS and

WATERLOO for " " £2 0s. 0d.

THE great success of our trips to Brussels, of which particulars appear below, have led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for an alternative tour to Paris. Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

The tourists will travel third class by rail; those who prefer second class will be charged an additional ten shillings, while for the further sum of five shillings first-class hotel accommodation can be obtained. These prices include conveyance between the railway and hotel on arrival and at departure from Paris.

The accommodation provided will be found to leave nothing that could be desired. All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and inclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

ANOTHER ITINERARY.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of P.W. This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo.

Passengers will travel third class by train and second by steamer. Breakfast will be provided at Antwerp on arrival, and two days and a half full accommodation at headquarters.

Those who wish to stay at any particular hotel on Messrs. Cook's first-class list can do so at an additional cost of 10s. All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and inclosing £2 in postal orders.

FACTS.

HORSES succumb to cold quicker than any other animal.

FLEAS will never touch an epileptic, and will instantly leave a dead or dying person.

INCANDESCENT lamps increase in effectiveness during the first eighty or one hundred hours of use, after which they slowly fade.

THE boiler tubes of a large liner, if placed in a row, would stretch nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty-five miles.

THE difference of a farthing a pound in the total trade turnover of sugar in the United Kingdom for a year means no less than £3,000,000.

COIN collectors regard the collecting of old Greek coins as their most formidable task, not because of their rarity, but because fully 1,000 independent cities had a distinctive series of coins.

IT is probably not a very well known fact that the shedding of tears keeps the eyes cool. Such is the case, however, and no matter how hot the head may be so long as there are tears the eyes will be cool.

IT will surprise most people to know that there is a law to punish servants who invite their friends into their masters' houses. It seems the intruders can be charged with being "suspected persons," and the servant who admits them with aiding and abetting them.

A SOMERSET man recently made a bad speculation. His gun was stolen, and when the thief was captured and the gun recovered, he agreed not to appear against the prisoner on his paying him £3. He was prosecuted for compounding a felony, and his fine and costs amounted to £8 10s.

MORE men wear corsets than is generally believed. A certain London corset-maker told us that he makes hundreds every year, and recently had in hand one pair of pink satin decorated with fleur-de-lis and another of Nile-green satin adorned with lotus flowers, one of these being for an officer in India.

A GERMAN paper gives a test for watered milk which is simplicity in itself. A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk, and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the milk is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in a small proportion, the fluid will not adhere.

THE proportion of foreigners to each 1,000 inhabitants in undermentioned countries is as follows: United Kingdom, 4; France, 29; Germany, 10; Austria, 17; Italy, 2; Switzerland, 78; Belgium, 26; United States, 149. The high percentage in Switzerland is caused by the large number of invalids, visitors, etc., who settle permanently in the country.

WHEN two Negritos, a people of the Philippine Islands, are to be wedded, the whole tribe is assembled and the affianced pair climb two trees growing near to each other. The elders then bend the branches until the heads of the couple meet. When the heads have thus come into contact the marriage is legally accomplished and great rejoicings take place, a fantastic dance completing the ceremony.

A DECIDEDLY original sentence was recently given by a western judge in the United States. A man who did not know how to read and write was sentenced, for a minor offence, to be imprisoned until he learned. The next prisoner could do both, and he was sentenced to stay in gaol until he had taught his predecessor in the dock. After three weeks they were discharged, both having fulfilled their tasks to the satisfaction of the judge.

SMALL families are hardly the rule among the English "upper ten." The average is seven or eight. The Queen is the mother of nine, and the Princess of Wales of six children. Lord Abergavenny is the father of ten, the Duke of Argyll of twelve, the Dowager-Countess of Dudley is the mother of seven children, the Earl of Ellesmere boasts of eleven, the Earl of Inchiquin of fourteen, the Earl of Leicester of eighteen, and the Duke of Westminster of fifteen.

BEFORE any portion of Her Majesty's regular forces can commence a march in the course of which it counts upon assistance from the civil power, a "route" must be issued through the Secretary of State signifying the forces to be moved, and signed by the proper officer. This "route," when delivered to any soldier of whatever rank by his commanding officer, is his sufficient authority for demanding whatever may be necessary in the way of billets, vehicles, etc., from any publican or livery stable proprietor.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to September 25th, 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 87.

General Manager for the
Ocean Accident and
Guarantee Corporation,
Ltd.

Robert Paul

HUMAN HEADS FOR BRIDGES.

A CURIOUS scare ran through the province of Assam, in India, recently, which it took the officials some time to understand. The story was that Queen Victoria wanted five children's heads from each village.

The Bengali coolies went frantic, asking for axes and knives to defend their families, factories were fortified, watch being kept all night, and in some villages all the inhabitants hid themselves.

Their heads, they believed, were wanted to put under the foundation of a great bridge being built. It is the tradition among these people that their ancestors placed human victims under the great pre-historic monoliths.

HER REASON.

THE young man picked up his hat and looked sadly at the lining.

"There is no hope for me?" he asked faintly.

"None whatever," replied the beautiful girl, her eyes filled with compassion.

When he reached the door he turned towards her again.

"I have to thank you for one thing," he said bitterly.

"What is that?" she inquired.

"You have not told me that you would be a sister to me."

"I thought of that," she rejoined hurriedly; "but I suddenly remembered."

"What?" he asked shortly, as she stopped.

"That I promised, this morning, to marry your father."

COSTLY PERFUMES.

ONLY dealers in precious stones carry more valuable stock in a small space than the dealers in essential oils and the perfumes that go with such oils. One dealer showed an acquaintance a moderate-sized safe containing stock valued at £25,000. Attar of roses, musk, civet, and ambergris are among the precious articles of such a dealer's stock. Attar of roses wholesale sells at about thirty-two shillings an ounce, civet at forty-eight shillings an ounce, ambergris at £6, and musk at £8. The retail price of all these is much greater, but they are usually sold to the so-called consumer in highly diluted form.

Musk in the raw looks a deal like axle grease, and smells worse. The popular notion that the musk of commerce is obtained from the musk-rat is a mistake. A somewhat similar perfume is obtained from the musk-rat, but most of the supply comes from the musk-deer, a creature that is carefully reared in India, for the sake of the secretion. The secretion is shipped in the crude state, and is used not only in the manufacture of the liquid perfume sold as musk, but also in very small quantities to give strength and staying power to many perfumes made from the essential oils of flowers.

ACTORS WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNES.

THE richest living English actor is Mr. Bancroft, and the beginnings of his fortune, which is said to be nearly £300,000, were made at a little theatre in Tottenham Court Road, known in its day as the "Queen's." Mr. Bancroft received £6,000 per annum from Mr. Tree in the form of rent for the Haymarket Theatre, which he purchased some fifteen years ago. It is small wonder, considering all this, that Mr. Bancroft feels he can freely refuse the offers of handsome engagements that continue to pour in upon him.

Sir Henry Irving gives away thousands of pounds every year to less fortunate brothers and sisters on the stage. Unfortunate actors have not a better or more willing friend, Mr. Wilson Barrett perhaps excepted, than the "Knight of the Stage." Were it not for this fact, Sir Henry would probably be our richest actor. His productions, even costing, as they frequently do, so much as £20,000 to "stage," have scarcely ever proved financial failures, while his tours in America, where he is most popular, have brought him enormous sums of clear profit. His first two tours in the land of the Stars and Stripes cleared for him a sum above £90,000, and his last trip is said to have increased his banking account to the tune of £60,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have also made large fortunes in America, where they have always met with greater success than at home. By two trips taken in 1889 and 1890 they cleared the small matter of £120,000, which they have increased very considerably by "doing the provinces" in our own snug isle.

Mr. J. L. Toole, in spite of his popularity in London, has never made any very big sums out of his metropolitan productions. In Australia and in the provinces, where he is even more appreciated than in London, if such a thing is possible, he has had great financial prosperity. His Australian tour, made some six years ago, put some £16,000 or £17,000 into his pocket, and his fortune is now said to exceed £80,000.

Mr. George Conquest, whose right name, by-the-bye, is Oliver, inherited from his father £70,000, which he is said to have doubled during the many years he has run the Surrey Theatre with such conspicuous success. His yearly pantomimes, although costing enormous sums to produce, have always added largely to his "pile."

Mrs. Sara Lane is probably the richest lady in "the profession." Her productions at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, have ever met with successes only equalled by her own enormous popularity at this seat of blood-and-thunder drama. Her theatre, which is nightly crammed from floor to roof by most enthusiastic audiences, only holds £100, but in fifty-two years she has, by careful management and judicious catering, succeeded in accumulating a fortune of more than £180,000.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has made a considerable fortune since he first took the Criterion Theatre eleven years ago. His productions have always been more or less successful, and the exhibition of a board announcing "House Full" outside the cosiest theatre in London is an almost nightly occurrence, which, coupled with the fact that the "Ori" holds £200, speaks well for the financial position of this charming actor.

Mr. Tree is another actor who has been enormously successful, but the exact amount of his fortune is not known. It is, however, freely acknowledged to be very large. The fact, which we have on good authority, that he has cleared sufficient out of the popular but exceedingly tiresome *Trilby* to defray the expenses of building a theatre for himself, opposite the scene of most of his successes, speaks volumes.

That Mr. W. S. Penley has made a fortune out of *Charley's Aunt* goes without saying; indeed, if reports are to be believed, the amount of the fortune exceeds £200,000; and this is quite possible, considering the years—literally years—this laughable play has been running, not only in London, but all over the world. Mr. Edward Terry, whose successes in Australia have been much greater than his successes here, is the lucky possessor of some £40,000, a considerable portion of which was made out of *Sweet Lavender*. Mr. Charles Warner is somewhat a go-as-you-please gentleman, and contents himself with a fortune of, approximately, £30,000; while Mrs. Langtry is said to be worth about £120,000; but it is probable she has much more than this, since she must have made quite that sum out of her theatrical career, and her financial speculations cannot be reckoned for nothing.

A SURPRISE FOR BOTH.

"AND what a surprise it will be to dear George!" she was saying to herself. "It fits beautifully, and I mean to make all my own things after this and save all my dressmaker's bills. It isn't every man who has such a wife."

"I'll wear it at the party to-night. I know that not a single other woman will have a new thing on. I'll just sew in this last sleeve, and I'll have it on when George comes home, and—"

There was a shriek, and a fall of one hundred and twenty-seven pounds among the sofa cushions. She had made both sleeves for the same arm!

MAY: "Next to a man, what's the jolliest thing you know of?"

Ethel: "Myself, if he's nice."

"Is it dangerous to eat before going to sleep?" We think not. We have frequently heard of persons doing so. But if you are afraid to risk it, perhaps you had better eat after you go to sleep.

A MAKEE of metal window sashes, in advertising them, said: "One advantage of these sashes is that they will last for ever, and then, if the owner has no further use for them, they can be sold for old iron."

BLOBS: "I hear Wigwag is suffering from heat prostration."

Slobbs: "Yes, he asked a man if it were hot enough for him. The doctors say he will be in the hospital for two weeks."

CHIEF STEWARD (to subordinate): "Now, don't forget. Sell the dinner tickets as soon as you can—before we leave the river, if possible—but tell the cook that we shan't dish up until we are well out at sea and begin to feel the swell."

SHE: "No, sir; it is impossible. I am sorry, indeed, but I can never marry you."

He: "And yet the encouragement you gave me last night in the waltz!"

She: "Oh, that mustn't be counted—what I said under pressure, so to speak."

EDITORS don't always tell the truth. A friend of ours announced in his paper: "All contributions written on both sides of the paper will be thrown into the waste-paper basket."

The other day he got a letter from his best girl. We saw it. It was written on both sides, crossed and recrossed, and a P.S. gracefully adorned the edges. It did not enter the basket. Oh, no! He waded through it, smiled over it, hugged it, and would have done so again had not the "devil" banged in and yelled "more copy!"

WEDDINGS AS ADVERTISEMENTS.

AMERICANS have a happy knack of turning everything to material purpose. They combine spectacle and business even at the marriage of their sons and daughters. A New York bride not only offered her father exceptional advantages for advertising his trade, but defied a string of popular superstitions at the same time. She selected the supposed unlucky month of May, appointing the thirteenth as the exact day. Moreover, she had thirteen bridesmaids, accepted an opal ornament as a present from the groom, thirteen coaches awaited the party outside the door, and the honeymoon trip was planned to run to the thirteenth day.

With the thirteen coaches it is our intention to deal. These were specially built for the occasion, embracing all the most recent improvements, and being drawn up in royal line outside the gates, so that all who ran might behold. The one destined for the newly-married pair was a triumph of modern skill. Needless to add, the lot was a gala advertisement, the bride's father was a successful coach-builder, and introduced enterprise whenever and wherever possible.

The business-like parent of another trans-Atlantic bride threw from his cab, as the party left the church gates, a perfect shower of dollars and cents., on which were pasted tiny labels bearing his name and trade address. On the obverse side was an announcement informing the coin-gatherers that a few of the pieces were numbered, the owners of which were to present them at his shop the following morning, when valuable prizes would be given in return, the higher the number the better the reward. Hundreds of people gathered to witness the distribution, and the giving of the initial prize elicited loud applause, the recipient being a young lady, well-known and about to be married, to whom the handsome drawing-room suite was especially appropriate.

To cycle to church on the wedding-day is not unusual across the water, but a Boston party recently created a stir even in that go-ahead vicinity. The fair bride was mounted on an ivory white wheel; the bridesmaids followed riding machines enamelled to match their costumes, and the rest of the party were suitably geared. The line of brilliant cycles outside the church was the admiration of the throng, and the holiday hues of enamel and plate were strikingly beautiful.

Guarding these was a burly detective, and speculation was rife as to the contents of a mysterious box of great size, which had been deposited in the meantime near the door of the sacred edifice. Suspense was of short duration; directly the young couple issued through the porch, the box was thrown open and a lovely machine—for two—was wheeled in front of them.

Amid the cheers of a highly amused crowd "Daisy Bell" and her spouse rode off to the bride's home, followed by the guests and attendants all merrily awheel. Each machine was stamped with the maker's name in conspicuous characters; the girl's father was, of course the manufacturer, and the advertisement he thus secured was, no doubt, gratifying to his novelty-loving soul.

Not many would care to emulate the example of a Buffalo tradesman who turned the bride—his daughter—and her attendant maids into a huge advertisement. Handsomely garbed, he deemed it wasteful to allow the opportunity to slip by without informing the public that the material used for the dresses could be had at cheap rates at his shop in X—. This he did by means of neatly printed circulars inclosed, with patterns of the fabric he wished to popularise, in silver-bordered envelopes. These were distributed by men in costume, who discreetly kept some distance from the church.

Notoriety was recently gained in a similar way by another tradesman. He proclaimed to the world that a substantial price would be paid for the best snapshot of the bride as she left the church, the photographs to be afterwards displayed in the windows of his establishment, and the honoured one to be decided by the votes of the public.

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH £100?

At the right-hand top corner of the front page of *P.W.* will be found a coupon. This coupon will appear every week during the whole of 1896. It will also appear every week in *Short Stories* during the same period.

Procure as many of these coupons as you possibly can. Paste them on to slips of paper, or neatly into a book.

To the person who collects the most coupons during 1896 the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS will be given.

It will not cost you anything beyond a little trouble to earn this money. All you need do is to induce the people who read *Pearson's Weekly* and *Short Stories* to give you the coupons from their papers. If amongst your friends there are not many who read these two papers, then worry them until they do read them. Explain the reason, and don't be put off with promises that may never be fulfilled. Buy the papers for them; collect the money and the coupons at the same time.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS is a big sum to earn for, say, an hour's work a week, fifty-two hours in the year, six working days at eight and a half hours a day.

No coupons are to be sent to us until January 1st, 1897. Keep them safely till then.

All coupons are of equal value.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

FIXER: "I tell you what, old boy, it's a case that makes my heart bleed. The fellow has died and left a wife and six little ones entirely unprovided for."
QUIZZER: "Didn't he even have his life insured?"
"Oh, no; no company would risk him—his profession was too hazardous."
"Why, what was he?"
"A life insurance agent."

THE LIFE OF MONEY.

COPPER money wears rapidly away. In one hundred years £100 worth of pence would only be worth about fifty pounds, while the same amount of sovereigns would only lose three and one-half per cent. of their original value.

A hundred pounds' worth of shillings, on the other hand, would be worn to the extent of some thirty-seven pounds. The less the value of the coin, of course the greater its wear and tear. A penny circulates at least two hundred and forty times as rapidly as a sovereign.

A LIBERAL HUSBAND.

"FATHER," he suddenly remarked, as he looked up into the paternal face, "you are awfully good to mother."
"Am I? Well, I hope I treat her as a husband should a devoted wife."
"And it's all over the place how liberal you are to her."
"How? What do you mean?"
"Why, I heard three or four men in the 'bus say that all you had in the world was in her name!"
"Yes—ahem—yes—you go to bed, sir; and the next time you hear people lying about me don't listen to what they say."

WHERE CAVIARE COMES FROM.

MUCH of the so-called "Russian caviare" is prepared at a little fishing hamlet on the coast of New Jersey, where huge sturgeon abound. Caviare is made from the roe of the fish, and one who has been accustomed to the roe of small fish can scarcely realise that this queer substance serves the same purpose.

Instead of the toothsome-looking morsel that one expects, the roe of the sturgeon consists of great bucketfuls of a black substance. Each separate egg comprised in this black mass resembles very closely coarse black shot as round and plump as a small green pea, and they are glassy, as though freshly varnished.

These become somewhat shrivelled when packed and ready for shipping, and lose much of their glossy appearance, but still retain their dark colour, and in other respects look much the same when brought to the table as when first taken from the fish.

A CHAMPION HANGMAN.

GEORGE MALEDON, of Arkansas, U.S.A., claims to be the champion hangman of the world, with a record of eighty-eight executions to his credit. He will now retire from his public career and live the rest of his life on a farm which he has purchased with his savings.

Maledon has been the official hangman of the United States Court at Fort Smith for twenty-six years, and took intense pride in the neatness with which he performed the duties connected with his office.

There was no guess-work about the drop, and there was nothing hard-hearted in the way the work was done.

A favourite remark of his to a doomed man was: "Oh, come on, now; it's nothing at all. You won't feel it, and I'll have it all over in a jiffy." He never failed to offer the prisoner a chew of tobacco just before the clergyman began the customary prayer.

PUDDING BATHS.

WE have always understood that Parisian ladies know a trick or two not generally known by the world at large for preserving their youth and brightness. We have it on the authority of a contemporary that these ladies put starch into their bath water to soften it, as it is cheaper than borax or toilet vinegar, and more trustworthy than ammonia, which is said to induce a growth of down on the skin.

The Parisian ladies' maids are adepts at preparing delicate toilet waters, and always have material ready for use, meal baths, starch baths, flower baths, sea baths, and medicated baths.

One bath, which is considered somewhat of a luxury, must have a curious pudding effect. The bath is lined with a linen sheet, gored properly to fit it.

Then a bag containing almond meal or oatmeal, withorris root and dozens of other ingredients, is put in, giving it a delicate fragrance. The bath being filled to the brim with water, the intending bather gets in and remains until she is saturated with the perfume.

NEW AND STRANGE.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so. No charge whatever is made.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

A MACHINE for slicing bacon has been invented.

PNEUMATIC knee-caps for the prevention of house-maid's knee are now to be bought.

A NASAL curb, presumably for the use of those who are in the habit of snoring, is a little novelty further particulars of which are likely to be awaited with interest.

A HAND guard or shield for bicyclists is an addition to a machine which, under certain circumstances, might prove of great value. Such an invention has recently been patented.

AN ivory cleaner and polish has for the first time, I believe, been produced. The concocter is one by name Pryse, and the manufacturers Messrs. John Parkes and Co., of Warwick.

STONE soles for boots are now recommended instead of any other for use in slippery places. They are made by spreading a mixture of quartz sand and waterproof-glue on leather, and made, by-the-way, in Germany.

A UNIQUE method of avoiding the sunken appearance of an artificial eye is resorted to by a doctor of Washington. Within the socket he inserts a globe of fine sponge, into which the healthy tissue grows, gradually absorbing it. The advantageous results of this treatment are remarkable.

PAPER tiles, which are now made, are supposed to have numerous advantages over those of the ordinary type. They are lighter, harder, and also impervious to damp. Added to this, they are non-conducting of heat and sound, while the new material is said to be exceedingly good to look upon.

FLOATING beds of seaweed, which are often met with in mid-ocean, have been observed to reduce the height of waves, like oil thrown upon the water. Taking advantage of this fact, a Frenchman has invented a thin cotton or silken net to answer the same purpose. The net is rendered insubmersible by means of a patent chemical preparation. The matter has been taken up by the Central Society for Saving of Life in Shipwrecks.

A NEW mineral water bottle opener has been produced to lessen the risk which attends the process of opening, a risk not only of the bottle bursting under the pressure exerted, but of the contents overflowing. The opener consists of a steel pin connected with the ordinary wooden top. By forcing the pin between the rubber and the ball stopper of the bottle, the imprisoned gas is permitted to escape, and the glass ball is at once released. The inventor, by the way, is J. W. Pocock, of Brigham Road, Reading.

THE pneumatic epidemic is still spreading. It has lately taken hold of the makers of inkstands. These little necessities are now made in two parts; a base formed of glass or porcelain and an inverted reservoir, provided at the lower end with a circular neck, which is perforated with holes, arranged at different heights. The base of the inkstand is provided with an ink well with a single opening. The holes in the neck being located at different levels, it is evident that the amount of ink in the well may be regulated by placing the desired hole opposite this opening into the well.

ANOTHER instance of the practical application of the cycle to the needs of ordinary life comes from France, where a fire-cycle engine has entered the realms of actuality. It is made of two tandem safeties, coupled by cross-pieces, and carrying a hose reel and a rotary pump. Four riders speedily take it from the fire-station to the scene of any small fire, where, having made connection with the main, the cycle gear is disconnected and the pump thrown into gear, the four riders, by their pedalling, discharging 4,500 gallons an hour in a stream 100ft. long horizontally, and 75ft. high vertically.

THE originality of inventors seldom extends to the names they bestow on their cherished productions. Nomenclature is, of course, a secondary consideration, but to call a teapot "the universal" is to confuse it with a long list of articles from braces to bootjacks, and to saddle it with a mightily hackneyed name instead of one which might be in some manner characteristic or descriptive. However, the "Universal Teapot" has been christened, and the least Messrs. Geo. Donald and Co., of 311, Central Chambers, Glasgow, can do is to exert themselves to make the adjective applicable. The object which the patentees have aimed at is the separation of the spent leaves from the hot infusion. For this purpose a miniature strainer is provided hung from a chain which passes through the lid. When it is deemed that the tea has "drawn" sufficiently the little bucket is hauled up into the lid.

MONKEYS HAVE NO FLEAS.

It is curious that monkeys should be thought to be infected with what naturalists call the *pulex irritans*, and what ordinary people know as the flea.

As every zoologist is aware, monkeys have neither fleas nor any other parasite whatsoever, in which, of course, they differ vastly from man.

As a matter of fact, when monkeys begin to pick each other about in the friendly way we have all observed, they merely detach bits of hardened sebaceous matter which has been excreted by the glands, and the flea idea is entirely fabulous.

A SOLO PART.

FIRST BOY: "You ought to come to the concert our music teacher is goin' to give."

Second Boy: "You goin' to be in?"

First Boy: "Yes. I'm one of the primmer donas. We're goin' to give a cantata."

Second Boy: "Wot's that?"

First Boy: "Oh, it's all about sunshine and storms, and picnics and harvesters, and all sorts of country things. It's fine."

Second Boy: "Do you sing all that?"

First Boy: "N—no. I'm only in the first scene, 'Early mornin' on the farm.'"

Second Boy: "What do you do?"

First Boy: "I crow."

THE ADVANTAGE OF AN ACCIDENT.

"THE small size of the screw," says a noted ship-builder, "is not due to the perception of any inventor of its greater effect as compared with a larger one, but purely to accident. When I first engaged in the machinery business screws for steamers were made as large as possible, it being the theory that the greater the diameter the higher the speed."

"A vessel was sent to sea with a screw so large that it was deemed best to cast each blade in two parts, and then weld them together. During a storm all three blades of the propeller broke at the welding, reducing the diameter by more than two-thirds. To the surprise of the captain the vessel shot forward at a speed such as had never been attained before. Engineers then experimented with small propellers, and discovered that they were much more effective than large ones. Had it not been for that accident we might have gone on using large-bladed screws to the present day."

A QUAIN CEREMONY.

If a married Jew dies without issue it devolves upon his brother, if he has one, to marry the widow, and it is ordained that the first child of this marriage shall be known as the son or daughter of the deceased, in order that his name shall not be entirely obliterated; for, be it remarked, there are no surnames in Hebrew, every individual being known as the son or daughter of so-and-so.

Should this brother, however, desire to be released from this duty, he has to go through a quaint and striking ceremony, which is now merely a matter of form, though at one time it was intended as a humiliating ordeal.

In the presence of a Rabbi and a few necessary witnesses, the widow must loosen his shoe, after which servile act she immediately proceeds to show her contempt for him by spitting out before his face, a performance which is accompanied by a correspondingly disdainful demeanour towards him. She ends by declaring him to be a *chalutz hanooahl*, which signifies "he that had his shoe loosened," and is regarded as a term of reproach.

The loosening of the shoe is symbolical, and signifies the willingness on the part of the widow to carry out her part of the arrangement, and her subsequent expressions of contempt are intended to demonstrate that the other is an unworthy creature who fights shy of his duty.

In England, as well as in most other European countries, the ceremony has necessarily lost its original force. The brother-in-law may be already married, and as bigamy is not permitted, it is impossible for him to have two wives, however much he desires them, though the Jewish law permits it. The ceremony has, nevertheless, to be performed before the widow can marry again.

It has sometimes happened that the brother-in-law has refused to go through the ceremony without first receiving a substantial sum, especially if any considerable legacy has been left to the widow, for, he argues, in the same way as he has the right of marrying her, he has the right of enjoying the legacy left to her.

To avoid prospective difficulties, however, the custom has been introduced at the weddings of English Jews of making the brothers of the bridegroom declare under oath that, should the contingency arise, they will go through the ceremony, or, in other words, give the widow the requisite permission to marry again.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Carve a Ham so as to serve fat and lean evenly, cut a slice at the centre of the thickest part, and cut from this thin circular slice. In this way the moisture and flavour of the ham is preserved to the last.

To Remove Black Spots from Plate. Boil the articles in three pints of water with one ounce of calcined hartshorn; dry by the fire and polish in soft rags which have been boiled in the same liquid and dried. Afterwards apply a good plate powder and clean in the usual way. (Reply to MARY STONE.)

Devilled Sauce. Mince two shallots, fry in half an ounce of butter till a golden colour; add half a pint of brown gravy, a tablespoonful of mixed mustard, a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, and a good pinch of red pepper. Stir until the sauce boils, skim it and pass through a fine strainer, add a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and serve.

The Smell of Cooking ascending from the kitchen to other parts of the house is most unpleasant, and even with the greatest care this cannot always be prevented. It is well, therefore, to have a box, similar to the common salt boxes, hung near the stove, with cedar powder in it, scatter a little of this on the top of the stove and it will instantly kill unpleasant odours.

Hominy Porridge makes a nice change, and is especially good for people who find oatmeal too heating. This porridge will be excellent if well made. Set two ounces to soak over night in half a pint of cold water. In the morning add a little more water, a pinch of salt, and cook for an hour, stirring it often and adding more hot water as it thickens till half a pint is used. If milk is desired in the preparation of this dish, add it after the hominy is cooked, and if possible use a double saucepan for cooking.

To Keep the Hair in Curl there are various recipes given, such as wetting the hair with weak gum water before placing it in curlers, moistening the hair with white of egg, but none I find are so effectual as the following: Fill an egg-cup with tea, add to it a good-sized lump of sugar, stir it, and when cold use it for dampening the hair. Set in curlers overnight, and next day you will find your hair is crisp, and keeps well in place. The same tea will last for several days, and after a little while the hair will retain its curl to perfection. (Reply to MCGEE, Poplar.)

Veal Birds. This recipe may be used for an entrée at dinner or a supper dish: Take veal outlet, cut it into very thin slices of about four inches long and two inches and a half wide. Save all the trimmings of the meat and pass through a mincing machine with half its weight in bread. Season the mince with sweet herbs, grated lemon, cayenne, and a little minced onion, scatter salt over, and bind all with a beaten egg. Set the slices on a board, spread each with the stuffing, roll up tightly, and tie round with a thread, using also, if necessary, small wooden skewers. Fry these birds in butter till delicately browned on both sides, then half cover with cream or brown gravy, and simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Take off the strings and remove skewers, place each roll on toast, strain and thicken the gravy, and pour over. Garnish with browned breadcrumbs and serve.

With the Changing Seasons. Now that you are preparing warmer clothing, do not forget to substitute a woollen dressing-jacket for that of thin cotton which you have used throughout the summer. As regards flannel, pink and blue are undoubtedly the favourite hues, but now that very pretty flannellette, both plain and striped, is to be had for a few pence per yard, you could well employ that fabric for the purpose. Yes, by all means make it quite simply. In the case of illness it may sometimes be used as a bed-jacket, and then you will find frills and furbelows decidedly out of place. The yoke portion only is lined of the jacket shown in the margin (No. 1947, paper pattern, 6d.), the straight part gathered into its lower edge being finished with a hem, and the sleeves being kept in place with buttoned wristbands. The sole adornment is the lace covering the yoke and the insertion to match at the wrists, below which there is a deep heading of the flannel. (Reply to HOME BIRD, Chelsea.)



Fill Pincushions with well-dried coffee grounds, for mice or moths will never touch them, and the needles and pins will not rust.

To Colour your Raisin Wine use a little burnt loaf sugar, or saffron either of these colourings is harmless, so you can select that which gives the shade you require. (Reply to THOMAS PEBBLES.)

To Set the Dye in Black Stockings wash in strong salt and water, then dry and wash again in another solution, rinsing last of all in clear water. If properly done the dye will not move after this.

Devilled Liver is a good breakfast dish. Chop some cold liver till very fine, dredge with flour, and stir in a tablespoonful of made mustard, pepper, salt, and a cupful of good gravy. Stew slowly, then add two hard-boiled eggs, thinly sliced, and serve on toast.

How to Stop Leaks in Casks is a question I am often asked just now by the makers of home-brewed wines and ales. First beat up whitening with common yellow soap, and rub the paste into the leak, which will stop a leakage when everything else has failed. (Reply to CARDIFF.)

Ginger Nuts. Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, add four ounces of crushed brown sugar, and half an ounce of ground ginger. Mix these ingredients with an egg and a gill of treacle. Work the gingerbread into a stiff paste, adding a little more flour if necessary. Roll out and cut with a cutter three inches in diameter. Put on greased baking sheets and bake in a rather hot oven till dry and crisp. (Reply to MAUD M.)

Try Boiled Duck for a change from the ordinary mode of cooking. Clean the bird and truss it as usual, boil it slowly in water for about half-an-hour, season with salt and peppercorns. When the duck is cooked, set it on a hot dish, pour over it a pint of onion sauce, to which has been added a teaspoonful of rich brown gravy and a spoonful of lemon-juice. Those who like a still more savoury sauce should add a little ketchup to the above. Serve with potatoes and boiled peas.

This Brass Lacquer Recipe will, I hope, suit your purpose. After the surface is polished apply a solution of a quarter of an ounce of shellac and a gill of methylated spirit. Set this in a glass bottle and cork, stand for twenty-four hours. Pour off the clear fluid and apply to the brass with a camel-hair brush. Before doing this, heat the brass, if possible, and again after painting over with the varnish. This recipe will keep your brass-work bright and save a great deal of trouble. (Reply to BRASS.)

Steamed Mutton makes a very light and delicate dish for invalids and children. Take a jar which has a well-fitting cover, and set it in a saucepan of water. Into the jar put two pounds of mutton, a carrot, a small onion and turnip cut into dice, a tomato, and season the whole with pepper and salt to taste. Let the mutton cook for three hours, taking care that more water is added to the saucepan as it boils away. Place a border of boiled rice on a dish, set the mutton in the centre, and pile the chopped vegetables on the top. Scatter minced capers over, and serve.

A Warm Bath is always refreshing to a sick child. The water should be just pleasantly warm, and should quite cover the little invalid. Sponge the patient gently, and lift it out on to a large warm towel. Keep the child covered while it is wiped dry, and put on a flannel nightdress if possible. Sometimes a warm bath at the beginning of an eruptive disease will bring the rash to the surface. Great care should always be taken that the child does not take cold, the window being shut while the bath is given. You will of course consult the doctor in attendance as to the frequency with which the bath is to be repeated. (Reply to H. LANG.)

Treatment for the Stings of Wasps and Bees. These stings are made by a sharp dart at the extremity of the body, through which, as it is hollow, a poison is ejected. When a person is stung, it is always necessary to look at once and see if any part of the sting be left behind, and if so, it should be carefully removed with a pair of fine tweezers. If, however, it has been incautiously rubbed, and some of the sting broken off and left in, the mischief is increased. The sides of the wound should then be gently squeezed, so as to push out the sting. When the wound is clean, dab it with a little hartshorn or ammonia, and, if painful, a little sweet oil will prove soothing. The swelling as a rule does not subside for some hours. In eating summer fruits I would remind my readers to be cautious that no working wasp be swallowed, for if the insect stings the gullet, the consequences may be very serious.

Pink or Green Prints will be brightened if vinegar is put in the rinsing water. Always dry prints in the shade.

A Good Toilet Powder may be made at home as follows: Take three ounces each of fuller's earth, starch, and rice flour, dry the ingredients separately, crush very fine, mix and pass twice through a fine wire sieve. To scent the above use powdered orris-root, or a few drops of some scent essence. (Reply to GOODWIN.)

To Clean Rusty Keys: Place the keys in a saucer, cover them with salad oil or paraffin, and soak for forty-eight hours, then rub with very fine sand to remove the rust, rinse so that no grit remains, and polish with soft cloths. If, after this process, the rust is still firm, soak the keys again in oil. (Reply to READER OF P.W.)

If Feather Beds or Pillows have an unpleasant odour, set them in the air for a day or two, then give them a thorough drying before a clear fire. Should the smell still remain, have the feathers taken from their covers and properly dressed. Typhoid germs have been known to start from improperly-dressed feathers in beds, etc.

Apple Mould. Peel and slice one pound of juicy cooking apples, boil with half a pint of water, four ounces of sugar, and the rind of a lemon till reduced to a pulp, then rub through a sieve, add one ounce of gelatine dissolved in a gill of water and the juice of the lemon. Colour part of the mixture with cochineal and pour into the mould, when set fill up the mould with the uncoloured apple. Stand till cold and firm, turn out, and serve with a boiled custard poured round.

Lemon Syrup. To half a pint of lemon-juice add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar and about half the rinds of the lemons used. Set all into a basin, stand this over a pan of boiling water and simmer for ten minutes after the syrup boils up, stir carefully, strain, and keep tightly corked. If this be used for a beverage it will require to be diluted with water in the proportion of half a pint to every two tablespoonfuls of the syrup, but as a flavouring the syrup may be used pure. (Reply to MAUD M.)

Sponge Cakes, such as you require, are made with these ingredients: Five eggs, six ounces of pastry flour, ten ounces of caster sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon. Well grease the proper tins with clarified butter, and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of caster sugar and flour mixed together. Sift the rest of the flour through a sieve. Separate the yolks and whites of eggs into two basins, stir the yolks and sugar till quite thick with a wooden spoon, whisk the whites of eggs till very stiff and add gradually to the yolks, stirring in lightly the flour by degrees. Fill the tins two-thirds full with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. When done turn the cakes very carefully on to sieves till cold. (Reply to THANET.)

This Method of Washing Clothes has lately been recommended to me by a reader, who wishes others to save labour, as she has done. Fill the copper with water, leaving room for the clothes, and shred into it half a pound of yellow soap. Let this boil till melted, then, when the water is still boiling, add a teaspoonful and a half of paraffin. Throw the dry clothes into this, and boil fast for thirty minutes, taking care that the boiling does not cease, or the dirt will settle in the clothes. Rinse in three or four waters, and your clothes will be clean without any waste of elbow grease. Add fresh water, soap, and paraffin to each boiling, and pay great attention to the rinsing, or the linen will smell disagreeably.

Isobel

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CODE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1897. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
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Tonic Treatment of Disease.

If there be one Truth in Medicine about which Medical Men—of all shades of opinion—are agreed, it is this: that, as Health consists of perfect Nutrition, so all Diseases are referable to Malnutrition.

Pure Blood.

If good and proper Materials are provided for a Healthy Stomach to work upon, the Blood will be Healthy, and, as a consequence, the Entire Organism (which is really Blood solidified) will be Healthy, too; but if the Food is wrong or badly proportioned the Stomach cannot perform its functions satisfactorily, because not working under proper conditions, and Disease must inevitably result.

It is also an accepted Truism that the Natural tendency of the Body is to rectify its own deviations from a Healthy Standard when placed in the best circumstances for so doing.

Good Digestion.

To carefully scrutinise the efforts of Nature in her attempt to throw off Disease; to assist those efforts by a practical application of the vital truths of Physiology; to attempt to induce Sound Digestion and consequent Good Blood-making, by fortifying and stimulating the Stomach to the end that the Restorative Energies of the System may be placed in the best conditions and have the fullest scope for their development, and thus convert Diseased into Healthy Action—this constitutes the "Tonic Treatment of Disease."

Without this valid basis for our operations it is in vain to hope for that Constitutional Regeneration which leads to and implies the Cure of Disease. This is emphatically the action of Guy's Tonic—a Medicine composed wholly from members of the Vegetable Kingdom, every one of which finds a place in British Pharmacopoeia.

The following Correspondence will prove of interest:

Woodgrange College, Forest Gate, E.
June 16th, 1896.

"I have delayed writing to you till now, as I wanted to give Guy's Tonic a fair trial, but after the beneficial effects derived in so short a time, I cannot do otherwise than offer you my sincere Thanks. Since taking Guy's Tonic my Digestion has been considerably improved, and, altogether, I feel much better and less languid than formerly. The Medicine has also done good to the Circulatory System, for before I began to use it I suffered from Excessive Perspiration. This unpleasantness has to a certain extent been removed, and I think the result is due to the action of Guy's Tonic. At any rate, I shall keep on with Guy's Tonic for some little time, and hope finally to be thoroughly braced up and strong."

"F. NORMAN BUTTON."

June 18th, 1896.

"I am in receipt of your Letter of the 17th inst., and, in reply to same, beg to say that I shall have no objection to your making use of my note of the 16th inst. Guy's Tonic has done me so much good that I cannot refrain from mentioning it to others."

"F. N. BUTTON."



Guy's Tonic is now employed in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men.

Guy's Tonic

may be obtained from Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

10/6

COSTUMES Allen Foster & Co

10/6



Design No. 110.

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

PATTERNS FREE. 10/6 LONDON MADE.

THE COSTUME OF THE DAY.

Made in the latest style and fashion for the present season. This pretty Half-Guinea Costume consists of an open-fronted jacket with fashionable skirt.

Made in our world-renowned Specialite Serge, Black, Navy, Tan, Drab, Blue, Bronze Green, requested to send their will forward, post free, our patterns with our illustrated Sketch-book, showing all our different Styles of Costumes. Satisfaction and perfect fit guaranteed. Price fails to convey any idea of the value given with these Costumes. They stand "utterly unrivalled all the world over." Each Costume securely packed and sent carriage paid 9d. extra.

10/6

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HAVE YOU A POST-CARD?

If not, please obtain one, and send it to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY,

with your name and address on the back, and you will receive by next post full particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery the world has ever seen.

100 PIECES
FOR £1 18.

A Dinner Service of 50 pieces is included, which is guaranteed to be worth the guinea alone, and a China Tea Service of 28 pieces finished in gold, together with a lot of useful kitchen crockery.



This is the pattern of the DINNER SERVICE. THOUSANDS SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Post-cards and Letters to be addressed to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY, STAFFS.

ANGLO-BAVARIAN PRIZE MEDAL ALES AND STOUT.



BREWERY—SHEPHERD HALLS.
AGENCIES THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

All SKIN DISEASES

positively cured by the well-known outward remedy "ANTHEXEMA." It at once relieves the most intense irritation, and soon sets up a permanent cure when all else fails.

Send for a sample bottle, free of all cost, to the Antexema Co., 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Name this paper.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance. SHILLING BOTTLES.

Notice.

Persons subject to eye disorders should know that any affliction can be cured by Singleton's Golden Eye Ointment, but it must be Singleton's. Of all chemists and drug stores at 6d. per pot. 30s. year's reputation. "How to preserve the Eyesight," a little book of value to every family in which there is a case of weak eyes, will be forwarded free to any address by Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London.

STERLING SILVER

ACME
H. SAMUEL'S
25/6
3 GUINEAS



COSTS YOU NOTHING

BUT A POST CARD OR LETTER AND YOU RECEIVE, NEXT POST, A BEAUTIFUL NEW VOLUME OF 100 ILLUSTRATIONS, AND SEPARATE LIST OF H. SAMUEL'S 2500 FREE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION. STARTLING BARGAINS. SEND IN TO-DAY AND RECEIVE, FREE AND SAFE, THIS CELEBRATED WATCH, FINE 1-PLATE, JEWELLED MOVEMENT; SOLID SILVER CASE, STAMPED: (THE LADY'S SIZE) RICHLY ENGRAVED AND DECORATED, COMPLETELY WITH KEY, &c. FOR 25/- GUINEAS. A MONTH'S FREE PRIZE ALLOWED. A HANDSOME BONUS FREE PRIZE CHAIN INCLUDED. IF THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FROM PEARSON'S WEEKLY IS SENT WITH ORDER, H. SAMUEL'S WATCHES HAVE NEW IMPROVEMENTS, PROTECTED BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. WRITE TO-DAY FOR NEW CATALOGUE, FACTORY PRICES, WATCHES, 7/6 ALBERTS, 12, BROOKER, 1/6 CLOVER, 1/6 &c. BETTER THAN SHOPPING. 50 PER CENT SAVED. THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS. H. SAMUEL SENDS THIS HANDSOME BOOK TO ANY ADDRESS. ABSOLUTELY FREE! WRITE TO-DAY!

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SPECIAL NOTICE. GRAND FINE ART GIFTS.

The finest and most valuable Gifts ever offered will be presented to every reader of this issue of Pearson's Weekly. Each reader will be entitled to receive from THE NATIONAL FINE ART UNION, 46 & 47, LONDON WALL, LONDON, E.C., a copy (23in. by 16in.) of each of the beautiful Steel Plate Engravings, entitled

"WINDSOR CASTLE" (Copyright).

"WARWICK CASTLE" (Copyright).

(Specially engraved as the Companion to "Windsor Castle.") These grand works may fairly be considered as two of the finest productions of high art of modern times. The engraving of "Windsor Castle" is the work of T. A. Prior, Esq., R.A.; and "Warwick Castle" is engraved by G. Godfrey, Esq., R.A.; the original paintings being the work of that well-known artist, E. Duncan, Esq., R.A.

"WINDSOR CASTLE" (Copyright). Upon an eminence to the right of the picture stands the stately historic pile of "Windsor Castle," with the Royal Standard flying. The scene in which gay Courtiers have played their parts, and in which the more sober business of the Nation has been consummated, must always be one of great interest to Englishmen. At the foot of the Castle is the historic town of Windsor, resting secure in the protection the Castle affords, and forming a striking contrast to the remaining gaiety of the scene. To the left runs our noblest of English rivers, with its rippling wavelets dancing in the sunlight, and reflecting the fleecy clouds sailing overhead, while the life upon the water gives an animation to the picture nothing can excel. And there is a party of fishermen embarking in their well-found punt, eager for a day of the sport old Isaac Walton loved so well. The magnificence of the foliage and general treatment of the whole picture is most unique, and leaves nothing to be desired.

"WARWICK CASTLE" (Copyright). The scene is an English Pastoral one, and is one of the best examples of the English School, which is well-known to be the finest and richest in Landscapes of all the various Schools of Art.

In the foreground are groups of Cattle drinking from a stream of crystal clearness which meanders through the most luxuriant and picturesque district of our island home. The magnificent woodland, in all the glory of light and shadow stretching away to the right, leaves the central portion of the picture open for the portrayal of the most complete representation of simple and sweet country life, while the gigantic old Castle, rising upward in the distance, tells of a power and greatness which makes us appreciate more fully the perfect security and restful peace of our favoured country. In this picture will be found the only representation extant of that portion of Warwick Castle destroyed by fire some twenty years ago.

The associations that crowd round this historic structure in which the Great Earl of Warwick, called "The King Maker," lived, are fitly exemplified in the work itself, while the ability displayed by the engraver cannot be too highly praised.

THESE GRAND PRESENTATION PICTURES will be given to each reader of Pearson's Weekly who cuts out the Redemption Bond below, and sends it to the NATIONAL FINE ART UNION, Head Offices: 46 and 47, London Wall, London, E.C., together with 32 penny stamps, or Post Office Order for 3s. 6d., payable at the General Post Office, London, E.C., to CHARLES WILLIAMS, to pay the cost of case, transmission, copyright and other charges. They will then be sent free to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, or the Colonies, securely packed, and warranted to reach their destination uninjured.

Cut out this Bond and send it to the NATIONAL FINE ART UNION, Head Offices: 46 and 47, London Wall, London, E.C.

No. P.W.
This Bond entitles the holder to One copy of each of the beautiful Steel Plate Engravings of Windsor Castle and Warwick Castle, and must be sent, together with Thirty-two Penny Stamps, or Post Office Order for 3s. 6d., to THE NATIONAL FINE ART UNION, who will redeem it in the order it is received. (Signed) NATIONAL FINE ART UNION, 46 and 47, London Wall, London, E.C. N.B.—Not available after September 7th, 1896.

Note these Instructions.—All Bonds must be sent in on or before September 7th, 1896. Colonial readers only, November 14th. The Bond must in all cases be sent, otherwise persons might reap the benefits intended for readers of this Paper only. Each copy will be sent securely packed. One copy of each Engraving will be sent for each Bond, and none can be sent without one, except upon the receipt of Two Guineas. The Bond will not again be printed in this Paper, hence the advisability of its being cut out and sending it for redemption, as each will be attended to in rotation as received. The Picture is well worth handsomely framing, and its artistic merit and intrinsic value will render it a desirable addition to every household.

All applications must be sent to—THE NATIONAL FINE ART UNION, Head Offices: 46 and 47, London Wall, London, E.C.

Each reader of this issue of Pearson's Weekly who forwards order and remittance for one copy of each of the above Engravings will be entitled to compete in the August £10 PRIZE COMPETITION, which closes on September 7th. Particulars of the Competition will be sent with the Engravings. No Entry Fee is charged.

"Put Money in thy Purse"

said Iago—but the rascal did not say how it was to be done. He might have added—"by buying the

BEST TEA AT THE LOWEST PRICE."

'YUNGTEE'

is the BEST TEA, and is sold at 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 7d., and 2s. per lb.

GENTLY BUT FIRMLY REFUSE ALL OTHERS.

On receipt of Postal Order for amount, parcels 3lb., 6lb. and upwards at 1/4, 1/2, and 1/- per lb., will be sent carriage paid direct or through nearest agent. NATIONAL TEA UNION LTD., MINORIES, LONDON, E.

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found the announcement of holiday trips to Paris and Brussels, whereby readers of P.W. are offered special facilities for economical and enjoyable travel. We will pay the entire expenses of one of the excursions for the reader of P.W. who sends in before Tuesday, August 25th, the most novel and interesting account of a "Curious Discovery." This must be written on a post-card marked "Tripper." Fifty P.W. penknives will also be awarded as consolation prizes.

NEWLY-WED asks whether he ought to take off his hat to his wife on meeting or leaving her.

Your wife will think none the worse of you for doing so, unless she is economically minded, and considers the cost of hats, and the unreliability of brims. You might put the matter to her in this light.

B. R. Y. asks: "What animal can live longest without food?"—Disregarding the bat and the toad, about which naturalists cannot agree, the answer must be the serpent. One of these reptiles in confinement has been known to refuse all food for a period of twenty-two months. A viper will live ten months without food, and a bear six months, while even a horse will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water.

B. G. S. says that he has gone to stay during the autumn at a farm-house. He occupies the front sitting-room which looks out over the little scrap of garden, and a widow and her daughter have moved into the back parlour. He says it is rather embarrassing in the evenings, because often when he strolls out to smoke his pipe on the lawn he finds the daughter there, and as they have not been introduced he does not know whether he ought to address her or not.

I have heard it called a great many things but never embarrassing before. If the widow and her daughter had the front room and the mother was sitting in the window it would of course be different. A little tact is all that is required. A very good plan would be to take possession of the front gate. There never was a girl who did not want to go out of the front gate some time or other. For a few days she might dodge you by going out by the back entrance. In the end, however, she is sure to come along, and then you only have to open the gate. She must thank you for doing that, and afterwards—well it ought not to be embarrassing after that. At this time of the year I have a great deal of light information of this kind on hand for which no charge is made.

THE most successful competitor in the second "Telegram" competition proved to be Mr. A. Odum, of 62, William Street, Dublin, although the difficulty of selection was very great indeed. In answer to the question "What becomes of the oil in oil paint when the paint dries?" he epigrammatically wrote: "Won't evaporate, absorbs oxygen, chemically forming solid substance." The prize, a gentleman's silver watch, has therefore been forwarded to the above address.

A CORRESPONDENT is most anxious to obtain an answer to this question: "Is 'Big Ben,' in the Clock Tower of Westminster Palace, cracked?"—Not only is the bell cracked, but the fissure is getting worse every year. "Big Ben" was cast by Messrs. Mears, in Whitechapel, and was hung in 1858 in the place of its predecessor which had been brought to the hammer on account of a similar defect. The bell weighs as nearly as possible fourteen tons, and is hung on a beam capable of sustaining a weight of 100 tons.

MRS. PAINTER, of Aldborough Hall, Ilford, writes:

A specimen of the century plant (*Argave Americana*), which rarely blooms in this country, is now flowering grandly in my garden. It belongs to the variegated leaved variety, and has a huge flower spike some fifteen feet in height, crowned with its cluster of flowers, borne candelabra fashion. These aloes habitually bloom when from fifty to seventy years old, and in doing so exhaust themselves, so that they subsequently die.

A READER of *Short Stories* says he has seen somewhere that C. D. Warner, the American writer, has been inveighing against the use of the typewriter in original composition, and as he is a journalist himself he is anxious to hear my opinion on the subject.

Mr. Warner, if I remember rightly, argued that the wordy and diffuse, not to say sloppy character of much that is written nowadays, was due to the typewriter. If he had said that it was due to dictation, his criticism would, I think, have been more just. To compose direct on to a typewriter when once this manner of writing has become mechanical, needs no sacrifice of grace of expression, or neatness of style. On the contrary it is a vast assistance in enabling an author to write as fast or almost as fast as he can think, and also to judge of what he has written with the same ease as if it were already in type, thus doing away with the necessity for copious correction in proof which is always disadvantageous. The typewriter which is in the habit of breaking down, and the ribbon which is continually getting entangled, necessitating constant adjournments to the lavatory to enable one to remove the

stains from one's fingers is, of course, fatal. But with a good machine, and an operator who understands it, these fatalities ought not to occur. It cannot be denied, however, that dictating, with all its advantages, is liable to spoil a man's style. It encourages him to write long sentences, and very often to write too much. In a word, it is likely to make an author careless. Yet those who have once taken to writing in this way seldom, if ever, give it up. But no power on earth will ever convince me that to dictate well is not twice as hard as to write well, either direct on to a machine or with a pen. The number of authors who stick to the old style, to the misery of editors and compositors, is quite remarkable. Every word of the "Final War," for instance, was written by hand, and when I remonstrated with Mr. Tracy he declared that all his best work came from the tip of his pen. It is always possible, of course, to send MS. to a type-writing office before submitting it to an editor, a fact which I wish many who consider £2 2s. a column a sufficient inducement to write for P.W. would bear in mind.

AN OLD CARTHUSIAN inquires: "Is it generally true that boys who excel in school are duffers in the playing-fields?"—One might naturally conclude that this would be the case. Competition in the classroom is so fierce, athleticism so absorbing. But an appeal to the headmasters of our public schools speedily scatters this delusion to the winds. As a matter of fact, about 60 per cent. of those who gain scholarships are members either of the school cricket eleven or football teams—a fact of which, as a nation, we may well feel proud.

It is not meant, I hope, in a frivolous way, but a correspondent signing herself "Go-ahead" declares openly for cycling classes instead of cookery classes. She says that most women know something about cooking intuitively (I am sorry that I cannot agree with her), but that not one in a million knows anything at all about bicycles (I admit this with pleasure). "Go-ahead" advocates the organisation of classes where women may be taught how bicycles are built and how to repair any ordinary break or remedy a puncture. The idea is admirable. I do not suppose that they would really learn much. No one ever does at these classes. But the ordinary woman is grossly ignorant on the subject. Bicycle shops are not to be found round every corner in the country, and a woman with a punctured tyre is about as helpless as a woman trying to catch a cat who has run off with a spring chicken in its mouth. Men might attend these classes. This would please the ladies. It would also do the men good. Every man of course knows all that there is to know about bicycles. This is an understood thing. But one cannot help noticing that such little trifles as the way to patch up a tyre, or tighten a chain, are liable to slip their memories at the critical moment. Altogether, "Go-ahead's" idea is much to be admired. It is very tedious, after all, leading a disabled bicycle. It is also ignominious.

H. W. S. writes:

In a recent issue of P.W. the remark is made that Mr. John Wilson, Mayor of Kalgoolie, being twenty-nine years of age, is probably the youngest mayor in the world. As a matter of fact, the Earl Beauchamp, at present mayor of Worcester, is not quite 24½ years of age. The Earl takes a very active part in all the municipal affairs of the city, and discharges the duties of his offices most efficiently.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "A Believer in Systems," writes: "Does the fact that the profits of the Casino at Monte Carlo have been steadily declining since 1889, indicate that the public have been more than usually successful, or that the popularity of the gaming rooms is, in fact, on the wane. The point has been raised at a meeting of our local debating society, and it has been decided to refer the matter to you."—The causes which have contributed to the decline of the profits at Monte Carlo certainly do not include any phenomenal runs of luck on the part of the public. Nor can it be fairly said that the popularity of the Casino is declining, since the number of visitors is continually on the increase.

The truth of the matter, I believe, lies in the fact that gamblers are becoming more wary. They are realising at last that capital must tell in the long run; that those who win one day almost invariably return again, if not the next day, the next week or the next year, and finally lose again every penny they have "borrowed." If a man with £50 in his pocket were to toss for sovereigns for an indefinite period with another whose capital was £100,000, the latter must inevitably win all in the end. This is the matter in a nutshell, and consequently there is in these days less recklessness and little plunging; very few people, in fact, seriously set themselves to "break the bank." The majority of those who frequent the tables play for comparatively small amounts, which they are prepared to lose and leave behind them if the goddess of chance is ungenerous. This tendency in the direction of moderation has been accompanied by a change in the social standing of the habitués. Monte Carlo is more popular in a sense than ever. But, at the same time, it is less select. The place, in a word, has become vulgarised.

THE results of the "Advance Cycle" and the "Hotel Entry" Competitions will be published shortly.

ALTHOUGH subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND are still coming to hand in a way that speaks volumes for the generosity of my readers, although in fact they seem determined that as few little waifs and strays as possible shall have to live the whole year round without a peep into the country, a day when they shall not know what it is to be hungry and even thirsty, we are still far short of the amount which is required to carry out our original programme. The water famine in London at the present time has lent an additional horror to the East-end. That this should be added to what the little ones have to suffer is terrible. At such a time even the most callous must be led to reflect on the social condition of these poor dribbles of humanity; at such a time they could hardly refuse their assistance, however slight, to the work of removing at least one of the miseries of the East-end.

LAST week, at the moment of going to press, I was able to acknowledge the sum of £25 that a generous reader had remitted on behalf of the F.A.F. £15 was up to that time the highest individual subscription. Who will be the next I wonder to establish a record? The sum of £18 which I have the pleasure of entering on the list this week was collected by Mr. H. R. Hedger among the passengers and crew of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co.'s R.M.S. *Oratava*. My sincerest thanks are due to all those who in any way contributed to this result.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £2,516 1s. 1½d.

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